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NO. 11
WINTER 1990-91

OBSESSIONS AND BAD HABITS





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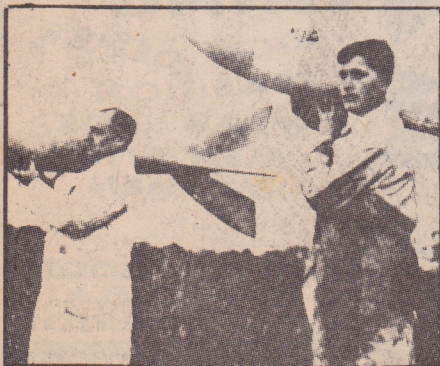
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THE TOPIC FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE IS...

CENSORSHIP. We want to expand the discussion from the purely legal, first amendment rights debate to consider the impact of sexual, racial, economic and political issues. Does the media bombard us with images in order to blind us to our lack of choice? What is the relationship between obscenity and the avant-garde? Is it possible to escape the censor-system? Is it possible to fight it? Basically the ideas and approaches are wide open - although that concept will come into question. Contributions of graphics, photos, interviews, articles, and ideas will be graciously accepted (per usual). Send anything to BEN IS DEAD, P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028 on or before March 1, 1991. If it is used we will send a copy of the magazine to you.

IMPORTANT ADVERTISING NEWS

The ad deadline for our next issue is March 8th and the next issue comes out on March 20th. Send ads to BEN IS DEAD, P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028. If you have dated material and are weary of our frequent inconsistencies you can call 960-7674 to find out if the issue will be out as scheduled. Find all ad info concerning size and price printed in the column directly left to this one.

IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTOR NEWS

If you're going to contribute any text and have a computer please send the material on disk. We can accept it on both floppy and micro diskettes (preferred), in almost any format. (If you do use a Mac, we use Microsoft Word and have MacWrite II as well). All disks will be returned upon request, blah blah blah. Also, think about including graphics with your articles, photos with your show reviews, etc. Send any contributions in by March 1, 1990.

BRIBING THE BANDS... OR ANYONE... HELP!

Contrary to what many believe this magazine is not only unprofitable but creates a big weight on my whole financial scene. Therefore (and upon Marcel's recommendation) we are still going to sell ourselves and our pathetic opinions to YOU. For each issue we will be holding a BEN IS top 10 band poll. Any contribution under 20 bucks, including alcohol and drugs, will get honorable mention, and we will go from there. Now this seems reasonable, doesn't it? You paid your press kit while supporting this fine publication. Everybody wins! If you're not in a band donate in honor of your friends! All help is appreciated - rich people take note.

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OBSSES SYD

Intro:

I had many thoughts to put together in this introduction, but as it's just moments before I miss my deadline at the printer this only seems like another meaningless obstacle in the way of my completion. This particular

page is the last major obstacle. When you get this close to the end quality doesn't mean much. I think there is lots of material and layout lacking in quality inside these pages. It's upsetting, considering how much time was spent on the project as a whole, but all I can really concentrate on is the relief I will feel once this is finished. Besides, when the product is FREE it seems less detrimental to produce an imperfect product. Bad excuse, I know.

So this is the obsessions issue. Who knows if it truly has anything to do with the idea that Scorpios are intense and obsessive people, but since working on this I have not only found many things that I'm obsessed with, or addicted to, but I've found that my whole personality is based largely on obsessive and addictive behavior. I wrote about a few of my addictions & bad habits (a little bit on the rude side). I wonder if that is going to help me to solve these problems — yes, I consider most of my addictions problems because I don't see limits, I don't know when to stop and they all hurt me more than they help. The only way I've found to end certain bad habits are to make myself extremely sick of them... basically overdose on them until I can't imagine ever doing them again. Of course with things like drugs this could be dangerous. Or with shoplifting it could be stupid. Besides, that never solves why I wanted to do these things in the first place and so I'm really never satisfied or at peace with myself. If the first step to recovery is admitting your illness, well...at least I've done something, but I can't see where I can take it from here. And if it is to a therapist then I wonder if I'll ever be able to afford to be well.

This is our belated two year anniversary. The first (very pathetic) issue of this magazine came out on October 31, 1988. Though it used to be bi-monthly I just can't seem to make that happen anymore and it seems that quarterly will have to do for now. There are two directions I see this as going. One is that it will end because I had some sort of nervous breakdown. Two (this is an optimistic one), I will inherit lots of money, invest it wisely and be financially secure and continue this as a time-consuming hobby. Or maybe number three which could be that I'd find a U.S. distributor who would be kind enough to sell BEN IS DEAD outside California (it's still be free inside CA) and I'd increase that size, the number printed, and be able to pay for myself to do this (because I can't seem to be able to hold down a job and do this at the same time).

So that's it for now. I'm wondering if I should call the printer and ask him if I can be there just a few more hours late. Procrastination is another one of my strong points. 'Til next time — I guess that'll be in March. Oh, P.S. This issue is dedicated to Sharron and Kat and Marcel and Mikki who were the most wonderful slaves a girl could ever hope for. —Darby

WELCOME TO OUR WORLD

Although the topic of BID 11 was originally "Obsessions and Bad Habits," it changed, and grew, like so many obsessions, into the nastier theme of ADDICTION. Throughout the art, essays, and interviews which explore the state of compulsive behavior today, you'll find a certain thread of self-destruction which distinguishes the true addict (see the chart below for the exact pages!).

It's important to note how interwoven and interdependent the various vices are—like addicts themselves, they cannot exist in isolation. Too often, addiction is seen as an individual problem, and used to justify excluding that individual from "normal" society. What this perspective misses is the addictive dynamic of society itself, a society which proclaims the rights of the individual, then punishes that individuality.

And, much of the addictive thrill stems from this clash between public morality and and private transgressions. Denied control over one's destiny and desires, an addiction can mask that loss and even provide a sense of self. In this way possibilities for true change are dissolved—society and the addict are co-dependent. Not until this relationship is explored can the problem as a whole be treated.

The fairy-tale end to any addiction story is, of course, RECOVERY. Kitty Beat's desire to return to Hollywood is a classic example, and she even got to interview Traci Guns! Some habits have a guaranteed end-point: after all, there's just so much skin available to tattoo, pierce, etc. Others end with intervention: Chaka, a graffiti artist mentioned in Marcel's story, was recently arrested and may serve a year for his sins. Mikki stopped reading her horoscope when Lady Luck turned on her. But more commonly, recovery begins when you tell yourself "Enough."

As for the addictions which continue to flourish, who are we to judge others? We'd even like to help, and so Mick Bladder's Guide To Drinking In America is provided for your legal thrills. Pour yourself a stiff one and satisfy those other urges vicariously. Unless you're in total denial, you'll probably find yourself on several pages. Let BID become your habit.

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THY PENANCE END

by Mikki Halpin

Even his name was confusing. The night I met him, he told me his name was John. I'm sure that I heard other people call him that while I knew him, and that he responded—but maybe they were just my friends, who had been told by me to call him that. Everyone else—his friends, his brother, his father—called him Pete. I think a few times I heard my old boyfriend call him John-Pete. Once, he told me that only his mother called him John, which was his real name, until he met me.

I met John in someone's house in Berkeley, in one of those rooms where the hippies used to drop acid, rooms we used for shooting smack. I was pretty out of it at the time, but I chatted to this thin, red haired guy for a while before telling my friends that I was going to go home. We were in an upstairs room of the house, and the stairs led right to the only door. When I stepped out onto the porch, I heard this strange sound and saw John come around the corner of the house, limping and holding his ankle. He looked up at me and seemed about to say something when suddenly everyone came pounding down the stairs and out the door behind me.

We had to take John to the emergency room; he had shattered his ankle when he jumped out the window of the room. He told me, in the confusion while we bound up his ankle and got him to a car, that he didn't think I liked him, that he had jumped out of the window so he could catch me as I left the house and try to change my mind. He spoke conspiratorially, assuming that we were already somehow partners in this violence. The others must have heard what he said, but no one reacted to it. There seemed to be a silent but determined accord to treat us as a couple, as though the sight of us struggling on the porch negated the fact that we had just met, or that my boyfriend was a sleep upstairs. John seemed to feel that this act, his confession as much as his violence, had joined us irrevocably.

Daily we are confronted with savage images: the guy selling oranges on the corner, the war on T.V., an alcoholic parent, pregnant teenagers, starving countries, the toxic environment, even the way your lover looks at other women when you're with him. But these brutalities do not provoke action; instead we dull the senses which carry this emotional damage to our psyche. Our friends, by remaining silent that first night and throughout what happened later, were only trying to protect themselves. Better not to see things, not to hear them, not to speak of them. The pain that might flow from those blocked emotions is feared more than the self-induced deformation which has become normal. It's like the only way you can live is by mutilating yourself. Maybe John's violence was an outgrowth of this defense mechanism. Metaphorical mutilation gave way to physical anguish. And like any escape valve, it soon becomes compulsive. You start to want it.

The next time I saw John was a crowded hallway between classes. I said Hi and continued on. He didn't say a word, although I know he saw me. He walked down to the end of the hall and smashed his arm through a phone booth, severing enough nerves to ruin his chances for medical school. He was so sorry, he kept telling me, so sorry to have bothered me. He always apologized after he did something. When he tore local dives to pieces by picking a fight with the nastiest customer, he apologized. When he jumped onto the hood of my moving car and tried to crawl in through the windshield he had just broken, he apologized. It was always the final act in our theater of pain, a theater where the audience is ashamed to watch.

When he beat me so hard I passed out, he apologized, although when I came to he had cut his stomach partially open and was trying to put the knife in my hand. John thought that if I thought I had physically hurt him I would never say anything. He didn't have to do that. By now I had a part in the scripted silence. I saw less and less of my friends, even cutting way down on my habit in order to avoid people. If they could be silent, so could I, and this became my defense as well. It was just another form of mutilation. I was obsessed with keeping what had become our dirty little secret. Oddly, though, John was increasingly talkative, savagely so. The quieter I got, the more he needed to fill the air with his voice and his movements. He never knocked on the door, he pounded. He shouted determined greetings to passersby. At night, he would turn pages of books with a grim relish that I found deafening. I was terrified, craving quiet in place of the peace I knew was only a fantasy.

I guess that's why, that night when I came home very late and found John bleeding to death on the porch, I didn't do anything for a while. Apparently he had slit his wrists in the bathroom, intending to use a tub of warm water in the traditional manner. But when I didn't come home, he must have crawled out of the tub and through the living room out to the porch. He had lost an incredible amount of blood and the house was saturated with it. I just sat there for a while with John, who had finally become as silent as me. He shifted around a few times and tried to speak, but he couldn't. We were staring at each other when the ambulance came. I waited in the emergency room while they gave him endless transfusions and emphasized to me how close he was to death.

I knew better than they how close he had been, and so did John. He must have called that ambulance before I got home. When they let me in to see him he looked at me and said "You would have just let me die, wouldn't you? You didn't even know the ambulance was on its way. You would have let me die."

John's ankle never really healed from that first night; he still has a little limp, and he can't play basketball anymore. The last time I saw him he tried to make a joke of it, saying that he always had to explain to his new girlfriends what all the scars were on his body. He started to catalogue them for me, too, showing me the cigarette burns, the gashes on his arm from the phone booth, and the two tiny, nearly lethal, slash marks on his wrists.

I hardly have any scars. I've never broken a bone or had a serious injury that left a mark. To look at me, you would never know that I was an abused child, that I amplified the abuse with drugs for years, that I ended up in a hospital a few years after John did, bleeding from my ears, eyes, and nose, because of a bad speedball. I tried to maintain my calm as John insisted on rolling up his sleeve to show me how the wounds were healing.

I couldn't, and can't, understand why he had to show me his recovery, just as, before, he was intent on showing me his pain. "Some people find it very difficult to be happy", the therapists say. "It's a decision that you make about your life, it's something that you do to yourself, just like pain is something that you do to yourself." Was John showing me his happiness, that scar tissue? Where's mine?

The Joys of Drinking the English Way

by Mick Bladder

"Beer Beer - we want more beer. All the boys are cheering - get the fucking beer in." So wrote the decade's greatest band (Macc Lads) on the subject of alcohol abuse and who can argue with such sentiments. This issue of "Ben is Dead" is apparently dedicated to people's various obsessions and so when it came to choosing a skilled writer to investigate getting drunk, Darby naturally asked an Englishman of northern background to spill the beans because, as I'm sure you will agree, Americans don't know anything about beer drinking.

Sad, but true. No wonder your economy is in worse state than my liver and you got drugs and crime and the Arsenio Hall Show - open a few pubs and you'd soon be back to a civilized state of living. As a Manchester lad, I find it unnerving to be in a country where you can't buy beer unless you're 21 and then you got a choice of Budweiser or Miller Lite (big fucking deal) - you can't even drink in the street over here. Still, what do you expect of a country that was colonized by Quakers, Christian extremists, and other moralists who left Europe cos they couldn't take their ale. Its an interesting fact that the British Isles were originally settled because it was the perfect location for growing the hops needed for brewing beer. So there's proof that we Brits are the hardest beer monsters in the world and we can drink anybody under the table, no trouble. So read carefully, my American shady drinkers, and learn all about the wonderful beer drenched world of getting steamed, hammered, faced, bladdered or just plain drunk.

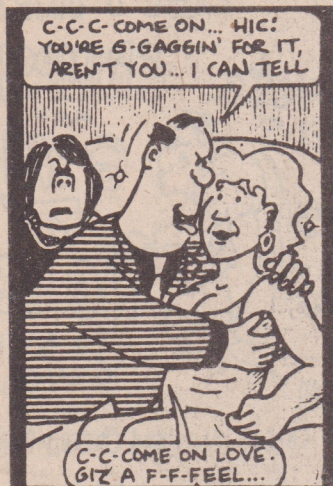


DRINKING TO MAKE FRIENDS

WINTER ISSUE #11 • 1990-1991

LESSON 1: WHERE TO DRINK

It's difficult to describe to your average American (and let's face it, most Americans are average) the whole difference in attitude about drinking between the American and the European. The English pub is a big, cheery building, lots of tables, noise etc., with lots going on - dartboards, snooker tables, jukeboxes, bar billiards, political discussions, violent brawls, etc. In other words, a social atmosphere where communities gather in the evening for fun and frolic. The American bar by comparison is usually a dark, long room filled with miserable solitary drinkers all seated along the bar on stools, so you gotta fight to get served. And why do American bars always have T.V.s on? You don't go out to watch T.V., you go out to get smashed and have a laugh with the lads. In America the only place you can drink within the law is in one of these holes. In England you can drink wherever you feel like: the park, the bus, the launderette, the police station. However, we're a free country, so let's stick to drinking in America.



DRINKING FOR ROMANCE

LESSON 2: GETTING DRUNK

This ain't as easy as you'd think (well, not if you're English - you yanks would get pissed smelling the barmaid's apron). If you're drinking in a depressing American bar you ain't gonna have the choice of quality beer on draft like us privileged Brits, sigh. Oh well, back to American standards. Don't touch the Budweiser/Miller Lite shit, you'd get drunk quicker drinking Coke than those silly drafts. When drinking here, I always choose Corona - it tastes rough as a badgers arse, but it does the job. 10-15 bottles of this should see you all right.

LESSON 3: BEING DRUNK

Medically speaking, when you start drinking, it goes straight to the top of your brain and starts fucking with your normal responses. First to go is the behavior restraints so you feel more confident, start to talk loudly, become arrogant and self-opinionated and generally act like the English do all the time. As you drink more, the parts of the brain which control your limbs are affected so the fun starts and simple actions like going to the toilet take on a whole new adventurous feel. Its about now that the best part of being drunk arrives - getting rowdy. In England, drinking is traditionally undertaken with a crew - a number of like-minded friends. Boys night out sort of thing and after sinking a few jars, the lager lout mentality prevails! At this stage of the evening it's important to start a fight and here for the first time in America, are the top five phrases good for



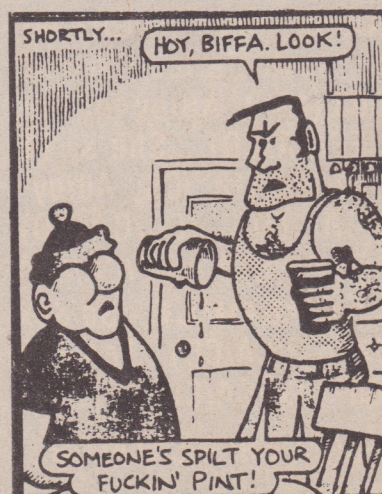
DRINKING TO BE SOCIABLE

starting a bounce-up:

1. Did you spill my pint?
2. Are you calling me a puff?
3. Who are you looking at?
4. Are you trying it on with my girlfriend? (you don't have to be in female company to use this.)
5. Are you talking to me or chewing a brick, 'cos either way you're gonna loose your teeth.

Of course, you won't need any of these helpful phrases if you walk into a British pub - your American accent alone will make you a suitable candidate for a kicking. Another popular topic for violent disagreement is, of course, football (soccer to the unfamiliar). As was demonstrated in the recent World Cup, beer is life's blood to the traditional soccer hooligans and it

swelled my heart with pride to see English yobs - armed only with drunken excess - charge and disperse Italian riot police with automatic rifles and tear gas. When the boys are out for fun, the coppers hide. Even more trouble was had in merry ole England when we got beaten by those filthy German square headed garbage-eating huns. There was rioting in England, German cars were burnt, German tourists had to be placed in police protection and 11 people were killed in pub fights. Pity I



DRINKING FOR FUN

missed it. I had to watch the game in the bleeding Fame Cafe. At least we had some good Brits along with some disgusting Germans. It was a tense, drunken game and it was tempting to sling a bottle at the Huns

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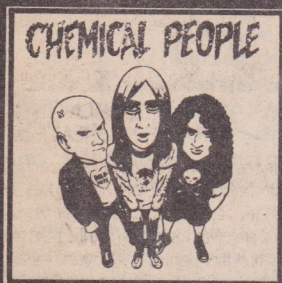
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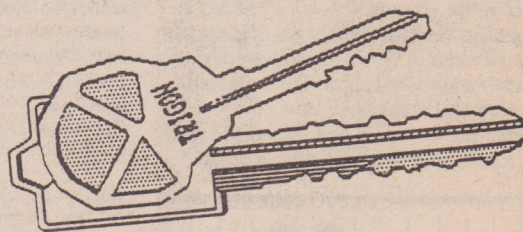
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I AM GOING STRAIGHT TO HELL



The long dormant Los Angeles Underground music scene gurgled, burped and sputtered for a few brief weeks around Halloween. I suppose this little period started with the **Gwar**, **Rollins Band**, **Fluidshow** at the Palladium, which had typically terrible underwater sound, but was crowded and fun none the less. Other memorable events include a great show at the Roxy with **Babes In Toyland**, a unique three piece from Minneapolis whos interview will appear in a future issue, **Steel**



ETHAN JOINS THE NAKED GENERATION

Pole Bath Tub, and a stellar performance by **Celebrity Skin**. Based on the abundance of slamming and stage diving by a whole cross section of "normal" valley, high school, etc. types, it's a safe bet to say that **Celebrity Skin**'s now very tight and proficient blend of 70's Sparks / ELO / New Wave is destined for Middle America fame and fortune. Remember: You read it here first! Another essential sputter were the **Tar**, **Jesus Lizard** shows at UCLA and Club Lingerie. These shows gave proof positive that the current Midwest alternative music scene makes L.A. bands look like **Old Skull** with severe metal damage. A few exceptions to this rule are **Ethyl Meatplow**, and **Hole**, who both gave very good, though quite different performances. **Hole** have been given quite a bit of attention lately, but I'd just like to add that they present a very coherent and captivating live show, and you should definitely see them at least once. I missed the **Haunted Garage** shows, but heard they were good and messy, and have also heard rumors that they just signed a major record deal. **Sonic Youth (The Goats)** also played a couple of SOLD OUT shows which I heard were pretty good. But by far the most interesting show I've seen in the last year was **Einsturze Neubauten** at Helter Skelter. If you missed 'em they plan on a return trip next summer. They are one of the few bands that have been around for almost a decade and still have all the original members, and are still true to I like fog a lot. I use to go out in the fog when I was a teenager with my penis hanging out of my trousers! —Gen P-Orridge

SHOW REVIEWS

their original inspiration: Lots of good organic industrial noise. Blixax was his usual German Rock God Baby norm and the rest of the band was in perfect form, banging on their trademarked garage door spring / shopping cart / whatever the hell all that steal shit on stage is / percussion (look for a really cool and intelligent interview with Mufti and Andrew in the next Flipside). For the future, Club Fuck promises to have more interesting shows, and is basically the latest refuge for the LA Underground. Jabberjaw has also been holding some good clubs, including a fun birthday party for Red Devil Studio's tattoo/piercing goddess Crystal Cross (who for you old Russle-Jack-Jim's Anti-Club goers was in the band **Strong Silent Types**). The current Naked Generation trend of baring all on the dance floor is getting more risqué and decadent by the week. What fun! I expect **Crash Worship** will be duely impressed the next time they come through town. Speaking of which, I have an unconfirmed rumor that the **Crash Worship Allstars** want you to call them at (619) 338-0837. That's Jeff's number, the circulator of the above rumor. Go out and support the scene. If you get this in time, go to **Aaron's Records** or **Amok Bookstore** and pick up a ticket to the **Halfier Trio** performance on Dec. 15 (I think) in god knows what part of Los Angeles. Advanced tickets only. This is a performance NOT TO BE MISSED!!! —ETHAN

What shows am I suppose to be reviewing? This issue's been delayed so many times... but I guess if I can't remember no one else will either.

So I'll start off with the **CHUMBAWUMBA** show. (See, this is a bit dated). Despite fears that this would be some sort of English peace punk/hippie thing with too many acappella numbers, I went to the show. It's a good thing I didn't talk myself out of going either since I was very happy with their performance.

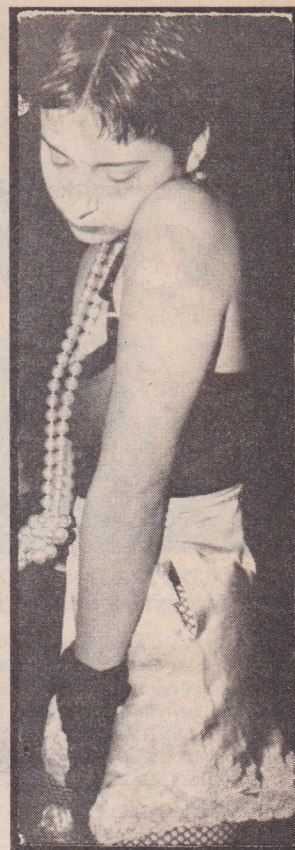
The openers didn't leave me with much to write about. **EVE LIBERTINE** (of **CRASS**) was an absolute bore. The **NIP DRIVERS** were all right but played most of their set before I arrived so I didn't have much time to get involved. Actually, the best thing besides Chumbawumba was some (unintentional) comedy group, probably someone's parents, singing campfire songs.

So Chumbawumba started off (and ended up) sounding a lot like the **FALL**, which didn't bother me a bit since the **FALL** are one of my favorite bands. The last thing I thought was that they'd have such an impressive sense of humor — for some reason I thought it'd be political, heavy, and serious. Also they had lots of visuals: costume changes, some props, and they played equal numbers of acappella and regular songs, both which I enjoyed. After listening to their music for so long it was great to see them pull it all together so well in their live performance.

When the next show actually occurred I can't quite recall. I do know that it was still spring suit season, as **Al Flipside**, **Johnny Anus** (of **Anus the Menace**) and I went down to San Diego to surf and to see the **DWARVES** and the **MELVINS** play the Casbah. Actually this band called **OLIVELAWN** opened — not my type of music — much like the Sup-Pop 70's rock sound, but I do like their name (so what's in a name). The **MELVINS** were weird. I can't put my finger on it — IT being what they do. I wanted to chalk it off to dirty/hard rock or something but the Melvins are coming at it from ALL directions... it seems unjust to stick them in a meaningless/partial categorization. Honestly, I don't even think I like their music... But who cares — they're good. I don't know exactly why but they are good.

The **Dwarves** on the other hand... If I were forced to choose only one word to describe this band it would have to be *stupid*. They are so careless and chaotic — a perfect live punk rock performer. To give you an example: The lead singer jumps up on one of the tables near the stage and while he's doing his thing the bassist (if I remember correctly) kicks the table right out from under him. The singer lands on his back atop of the round metal base of the table (enough to paralyze — at least temporarily — the normal human) and then gets up, without a tear and gets right back at it. I mean a hero... an absolute drunken bum of an idiotic hero. I also appreciate the fact that they (the **Dwarves**) took the price of my admission off their pay in order to get me into the club; but believe me, that didn't prejudice me into calling the band members stupid — I really, truly think that they are. P.S. I love their album cover with the naked girls, the dwarf and the little bunny rabbit — I got it on a t-shirt (w/ non-toxic inks no less) and it's my favorite. P.P.S. Thanks to Al's hyper friend Testicle-head for entertaining and intoxicating us at the Pink Panther bar afterwards.

As for my **URGE OVERKILL** review I'll just take it word for word from my "during the show" notes which go something like this: I abandon Rodney on the **ROQ** interviewing **Redd Kross** (on the car radio before entering this **Al's Bar** show) to find mop tops with white patent leathers and medallions. This band looks so distorted but I can't tell if it's just because I've only slept two hours in two days. The drummer has a big head — two big heads — and they both sit in front of the stage adding to my warped perspective. His drums seemed to keep leaving him. Can't say I've seen anything quite like this. Now the drummer



CARLA OF ETHYL MEATPLOW



RED DEVIL PIERCER KRYSTAL CROSS' BIRTHDAY @ JABBERJAW



PHOTO BY DON LEWIS

WALDO THE DOG FACED BOY @ MOLESTATION / NEW MOON

has three heads—one sitting in front of the bass drum to keep it from leaving. The sound; a noisy guitar. A noisy bass. Fuzzy vocals. They sound like a droned out noisy 60's psych pop band with a heavy drum beat and... Now they're fucking reminding me of Redd Kross. Geez, the guitarist and bassist even remind me of the Redd Kross brothers. Scott called them the Jawbreaker of Touch & Go. "Ya know... Ya know?", he asked. "No, I don't."

There were also some good shows at UCLA. First off I'm going to put in the phone number you can call to get the schedule of UCLA Campus Events because these shows are free and it's so frickin' frustrating to pay mega bucks to see interesting bands and then find out that they played for free the night before (or after). So the # is (213) 825-1070. To get an idea of what you've been missing, the wonderful JESUS LIZARD played with TAR (reviewed elsewhere). And a week later STEEL POLE BATH TUB played with the GOD BULLIES. What you haven't been missing out on is some of the stupidity that goes with these live shows. See, the major UCLA problem is that they don't allow these touring bands to sell their t-shirts near the Cooperage Building (where these shows are held). And this little law is enforced! The joke is the reasoning behind this rule. As explained by one of it's frat-nazi enforcers, the reason is because it would be competition for the student store. Too



PHOTO BY DARBY

WILD STARES

10 • BEN IS DEAD

much! Most of these bands are from out of town, they have little money, the school pays them through the mail so they have to wait till they get back home to receive their check... It's ridiculous. Can you imagine how many must ponder over the choice of getting a Jesus Lizard t-shirt or a UCLA sweatshirt... it happens to me all the time.
—DARBY

THE PURPLE HANDS OF KAREEM-ABDUL JABBAR

ARROYO ARTS GALLERY

Hi, I'm Bob, a soon-to-be-famous artist, and I just had a bad experience with a band called THE PURPLE HANDS OF KAREEM-ABDUL JABBAR. You see, I booked them for this gallery show I was hosting, and thought they would provide a little, you know, "light entertainment" for the evening's schmoozing. I didn't really give their demo tape a listen, I was too busy setting up the show and well, when they started playing, I couldn't believe how loud and noisy it was! I feel sorry for the poor little kids who were standing around the band. Fortunately, their mothers dragged them away in the first few seconds, before anymore damage could be done to their fragile eggshell minds. The sound level was unbelievable: one man made a kind of loud chugging with his keyboard, while the other made



PHOTO BY DARBY

CHUMBAWUMBA

groaning noises on his guitar. It wasn't even good to dance to, at least the kind of dancing I'm used to. I couldn't snap my fingers, and the strange pelvic sensations were most annoying.

This had to stop. Not only were my eardrums hurting, but all the gallery clients, the press, everybody was being driven away by this wall of sound. I politely told the keyboarder to stop, and he complied. But the guitarist—he just seemed to get worse! He stuck the neck of his instrument into the amp, was squealing and hawing away, and he wouldn't move! I panicked and flailed my arms about, screaming at him to stop, but he just seemed to stare at nothing. It's a wonder I didn't hit him. So I made up stories, such as the police were outside and about to shut the gallery down if he didn't stop. Finally, I offered him \$100, and this worked. I figured it a wise business decision to spend \$100 now and stop this nonsense than lose thousands in publicity.

So, I send this warning to the rest of the art community: beware of The Purple Hands of Kareem-Abdul Jabbar! They're just too... unusual. —Bob

BLUE MOON NEW MOON RESTAURANT

This was a party hosted by Jac Zinder, who also hosts Third Eye. DJ Ego? It may not be the greatest word of the 20th century, but it's sure the driving poison in the vitals of every person. —Lester Bangs



PHOTO BY DON LEWIS

THURSTON MOORE HELPS JACK BREWER @ RHINO RECORDS

Carl Stone primed the dance floor with his custom spliced-and-diced ethno-pop hits, which made for good listening, but the rhythms were too herky-jerky for people to dance.

Meanwhile in the Melancholia Den, Jessica Eckstein vamped endlessly on an old Wurlitzer while, on the wall behind her, Donald Kreiger projected a surreal galaxy of rippling water, trees, eyes, and 30's porn.

Upstairs, Rube Ruben drank a lot, cried, fought with himself and with someone planted in the audience, and gave a "It's Turtlet Time" sing-a-long. The musical accompaniment by John Dentino (ex-Fibonacci) gave life to Ruben's looney-loons performance.

High point of the evening was Spencer Savage's knock-out, emotionally draining performance of "Blue Vein: Confessions of a Soul Catcher", a story of one person's futile, self-destructive search for love in this world. Structured like an opera, the 40-minute monologue had an intro, a build-up, then a reprise of the intro, now understood totally by the audience because of what had gone on before. Again, John Dentino's accompaniment amplified the poignancy of Savage's touching, ironic performance.

After this heavy experience, Jac Zinder lightened things up on the dance floor with a mix of ethnic music, various funks, and 70's hard rock, which went on well past 3 a.m. —D. Lewis

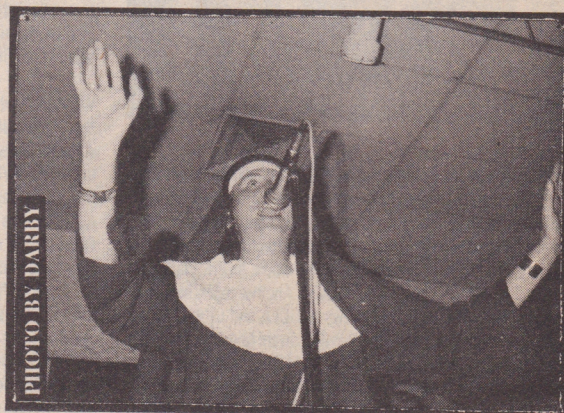


PHOTO BY DARBY

CHUMBAWUMBA

WILD STARES • NIP DRIVERS

GASLIGHT (free)

I caught only enough of the openers, JASMINE SUNRISE, to confirm my feeling that this is a horrible name for a band. It makes me think of acoustic guitars and long tangly hair garnished with flowers—all I can really say is that despite my pre-show thoughts, what little I did absorb sounded nothing like what I'd presumed.

The NIP DRIVERS entertained next. An old LA band, I'm not

sure how many members were *original*. They played about 90% covers ranging from DuRAN DURAN's "Rio" to the ROLLING STONE's "Ruby Tuesday". Mid-set I believe I heard the singer propose to his bandmates, "Let's play a Nip Drivers' song," like that was something that could add an uncommon twist to their usual performance. The

this time wading impartially thru so-so bands when I could have been boppin' to some raunchy rockin' roadhouse R & B, the kind left behind with the closing of every vinyl-boothed, neon-lit gin joint in the world. You can spot various members of the BLASTERS in the

line up, which could be the edge that keeps these time-honored tunes fresh. This is music to clear the palate and make even the most pasty faced jaded death rocker tap them toes and shake them hips. And they play EVERY Monday night. The first set starts around 11 but get there a little early. We'll grab a couple of beers and check out Bill Bateman's vintage drum set. —Kitty

GAME SHOW (now Lawndale) THE GASLIGHT

Game Show deserves great praise for their humility. Once you've seen enough day-glo bodies writhing to the tribal-electro-industrio, you might want to be in the presence of this foursome. Composed of spin-off folk from DEATH AND TAXES and LAWDALE, these guys seem to prioritize their creative process

with the endangered ethic of mere fun. Playing to a pathetically empty Gaslight, they still rocked really hard....just kidding! Basically, they played well and again, were/are fun. Recognizable



THE PURPLE HANDS OF KAREEM-ABDUL JABBAR @ ARROYO ARTS GALLEY

band was only as engaging as the singer was — and the singer, naked under an extra-long Prima Ballerina t-shirt and white socks, seemed like a speed freak fighting a heart attack or nervous breakdown while jumping around trying to avoid the meeting of his feet with scorching concrete. It was the old punk rock thing — I enjoyed it but many viewers bah humbugged their way through.

The WILD STARES concluded the evening with noise and NEW WAVE! and twitchy alternative rock stuff. They make me think TALKING HEADS (of the 70's) and sometimes the BIRTHDAY PARTY. It's disturbing to listen to. Sometimes I feel like I have to put a great effort forth to let myself become involved in their work. Sometimes it catches me and I'm taken in without a thought about it. Coming together and falling apart, I become drawn and then detached. Visually I am responsive towards the lead singer/guitarist — who's appealing in an unassuming way. I think he may be the reason I think Talking Heads, as he has certain David Byrne characteristics. And even though they say the name of the band isn't titled after him, he's definitely got a wild stare. —Darby

THE BLUE SHADOWS

THE KING KING @ 6th and La Brea

I feel like such a geek! These guys have been playing here for two years now and this is the first time I've seen them. What a waste. All



THE NIP DRIVERS

elements: a party-able feel, rich in surf-like guitarisms and offbeat zany things coming from the keys, bass, and drums. A noteworthy Lady Madonna cover. No weak links save for the disappointment of not seeing these guys in a more supportive element. Such, perhaps, would have been in a more festive environment or night. —Bernard

BRAVE NEW WORLD

at the ADOBE, Malibu

I could not resist the temptation to see how horrendous an environment I could place myself in, so there I was. Knowing the bassist (recently quit), Jeremy, I thought I'd surprise him.

BRAVE NEW WORLD in the world of Reggae is about as brave as Dan Quayle in the world of U.S. Politics. MARLEY and TOSH WERE turning in their graves. This was the Adobe, a club/restaurant where everyone is white and well-to-do. Brave New World is a reassuring symbol to me that much of Southern California Reggae is as fucked-up as any



RUBE RUBEN @ BLUE MOON

other genre or scene can be and has no right to any more self-righteousness than the sleaziest of Metal. High paying fun gigs? Fine! But nothing is more sour than a "Get Up Stand Up" fed like top 40 fodder to a crowd that only gets up and stands up to go to the bathroom. Rest assured folks, there are many beasts to slay in White World. —Bernard

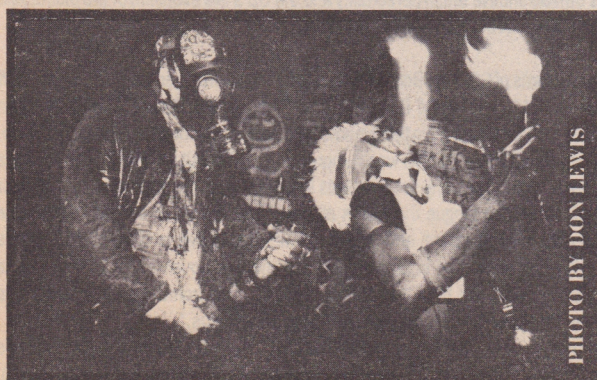
BRIBING THE BANDS

This new column was mentioned by Darby in the last issue. It was intended to be a "Top 10" sort-o-thing, consisting of any bands who cared to send us money, liquor, drugs, etc. It has changed a bit in format, mainly due to a lack of response, but the basic philosophy remains the same. Your talent is for sale, why shouldn't ours be?

BAND OF THE MONTH SPINOUT

SPINOUT — A violent swerve which cathects into a deadly motion; a loss of control checked by a sweaty rush of adrenaline and white-knuckled primal reflexes. The SPINOUT sound is driven by the snarling energy of punk rock, but careens from that no-return highway toward a sweaty wall of sound. Live, lead singer Tom E. Henry exhibits a restless nonchalance, thrown into relief by the intensity of the rest of the band. SPINOUT seems acutely aware of the absurdities involved in making serious music today, and their response is extreme. These guys end their set with a heavy metal medley, an insincere homage which mocks not only the bands they cover and themselves, but also the audience, who prove themselves uncool by getting the message. Traditional boy-themes ("Lawbreaker," "Hotrods to Hell," "Girlfriend") are addressed on their debut vinyl with the same twisted respect as their musical heritage. It's a potent combination performed by musicians whose talent can bring you to the brink of believing that post-punk doesn't mean a post-mortem. —Mikki

HONORABLE MENTION — Fx Defective



BLOOD OFFUS @ RED ZONE

Good Lord, my parents have this story about my brother's fake left front tooth that goes something like this: When my older brother Damien was around seven and my middle brother Chris was just five it seems Damien was hogging the Big Wheel (or some other kind of suburban training bike kind of thing). This bummed Chris out to such a degree that he blindly and boldly opted for quick revenge via the nearest weapon of pain and destruction which happened to be a thick-linked bicycle chain from the garage. As Damien blissfully sailed by Chris in true "child-playing racecar driver" fashion Chris let off his one full swing of steel linkage blatin' me oldest bro flat in the chatterbox. Yeah, the mess of blood, tears and teeth, the ambulance, two freaked-out screaming kids, drop-mouthed parents in horror in the wake of what one Cain could do to an Abel.

Well this is all background dross for a **GOD BULLIES** interview that took place past and present and like most music writers I'm supposed to tie the gruesome introduction in with some scary, bloody aspect of the band by the end of this article, right? Yep, everything wrapped up nicely in a little conclusion, bringing metaphor and the band's music and art together into one distinct thought. A concept, man. This is how one writes about "alternative college noise bands", eh?

I think it would be quite a let down to the **GOD BULLIES** to be treated like a little "college" commodity, meandering their merry way through music-land without so much as a dent in the face (re: teeth) of anyone they encountered. From the shows I've witnessed them play, passivity doesn't fit into their vocabulary. Take for instance November's stint at the ROXY and the free show out at UCLA with STEEL POLE BATHTUB, both mind blowing events with the **GOD BULLIES** in top form and with new faces. Stepping in on bass for a permanent stay is Tony from COWS (the Bullies' Amphetamine Reptile label-mates) and a new drum guy. Still at the helm on voice is the always-entertaining, stomach unsettling personality(ies) of Mike Hard and guitar-hack and genius David B. Livingstone who, in his Death Jam Studios has recorded a great portion of the **GOD BULLIES** material.

A complete discography would include, a 7" of their own production called "Musolini", their demo-turned limited red vinyl for Glitterhouse Germany pressing of "PLASTIC EYE MIRACLE" followed by the song "Tell Me" on "DOPE, GUNS and FUCKING IN THE STREET" compilation; 1989's "MAMA WOMB WOMB" lp followed as quickly by the true masterpiece lp "DOG SHOW" in 1990 (both on Amphetamine Reptile). But that didn't stop the flood of good things; upon change of line-up, another trip to David B the Living Stone's den of recording was made producing (also in 1990) the double 7" pack called "JOIN SATAN'S ARMY" which features a LINK WRAY cover in addition to the namesake song and two others. Yet a third full lp is near completion with the working title being "CHINESE OINK OINK OINK". In addition they toured Europe with COWS last April/ May and returned to the West Coast for a second time. Few other Kalamazoo, much less Michigan bands can claim that type of action and production. Passivity? Here's another shot in the enamel for ya bro.

No, shit I'm not going to sink to that level of "crank-em'-out zine" writing about bands. I did set myself up pretty well with my story having a religious twitch at it's end and the **GOD BULLIES** (have you heard or seen them?) twisted perspective of religion, especially organized Christian-type preechifying religion. The warped aspects of the guilt-ridden implications of God, marriages, children, incest, adultery and Satan's ever-nagging temptations can be seen pouring out all over the audience during the **GOD BULLIES** live thing.

For example: there was the ROXY, all overcrowded on an unfavorably warm evening on the Sunset strip, with the patrons waiting to see the return from Europe of LA's reigning queens of guitar L7, and/or the fopish toolings of punk-pop turned pop-pop LEMONHEADS or even maybe to see young-shrugs-barkin-at-the-door-of-notoriety HOLE wait their thang (yo, "DICK NAIL!"), but it was the **GOD BULLIES** playing in the second earliest spot that managed to turn the most heads and leave a curious pondering audience wondering... "Why was that maniacal Mr. Mike Hard screaming for Satan, his mama and best girlfren", while grabbing his crotch and sweating?" Yeah, the preacher clothes on Mike came off pretty quickly as did the wall of safety between audience and band. The **GOD BULLIES** take you right into all that mess. "Let's Go To Hell!!!"

Song's like "I Like It Like That", "O Shit" and "Act Of Desire" had that loaded gun-under-my-belt ominousness about them when done live. I think it was the reason people flooded KXLU with calls the next day wanting to hear a spin of the wax that makes those concepts permanent. Whoa, shit, I thought as I got post-show reactions from people, LA is beginning to see the similarity between it's own distinctive fetish personality and the GB's live exorcism of the taboo. Just as my brother began to realize that the chain was about to smash his smile...

Almost lost it there.

I guess apples and caramel go to Pete Davis of Creature Booking for engineering the live presence of **GOD BULLIES** in our town; he knows the folks with "showers and food". David B. Livingstones' Mad Queen Records seems to be on hold for the moment but who knows what's possible to appear from the dynamo producer, guitar handler/ god bullyin' man. A CD only comp. maybe with GOD'S ACRE and BABES IN TOYLAND was rumored. The **GOD BULLIES**, although having a lot of records out and touring as much as they do are still drawing small crowds in LA even with the prestigious pull of their label, Amphetamine Reptile. This is probably due to the plague that taints all out of town bands who come to play here - lack of publicity. New York and the East Coast is finally beginning, after five or so visits playing live, to come out in numbers to see that **GOD BULLIES** magic. David B. Livingstone told me in an interview with them in November of 1990, "LA is a tough place to play because of all the pay-to-play clubs and bars that don't pay bands - it's ironic because most of the major music industry is situated here. But we like playing here, we can usually get a few gigs."

And so good friends, that is some of the tale of Michigan's **GOD BULLIES**. Quite an amicable group of chaps cranking out some inspired noise which you will dig - upon giving it some room to breathe (ie: see them live or get a record). Believe me, my brother Damien will attest that getting into them is a lot easier than having teeth smashed. OK, so I did wrap things up all nice, right? I'll see you in hell.

GOD BULLIES

BY TOMÁS



PHOTO BY KRK!!!



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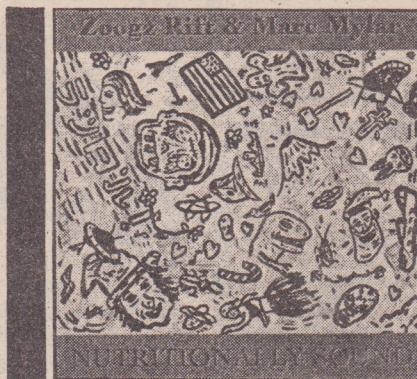
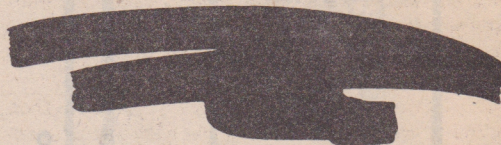
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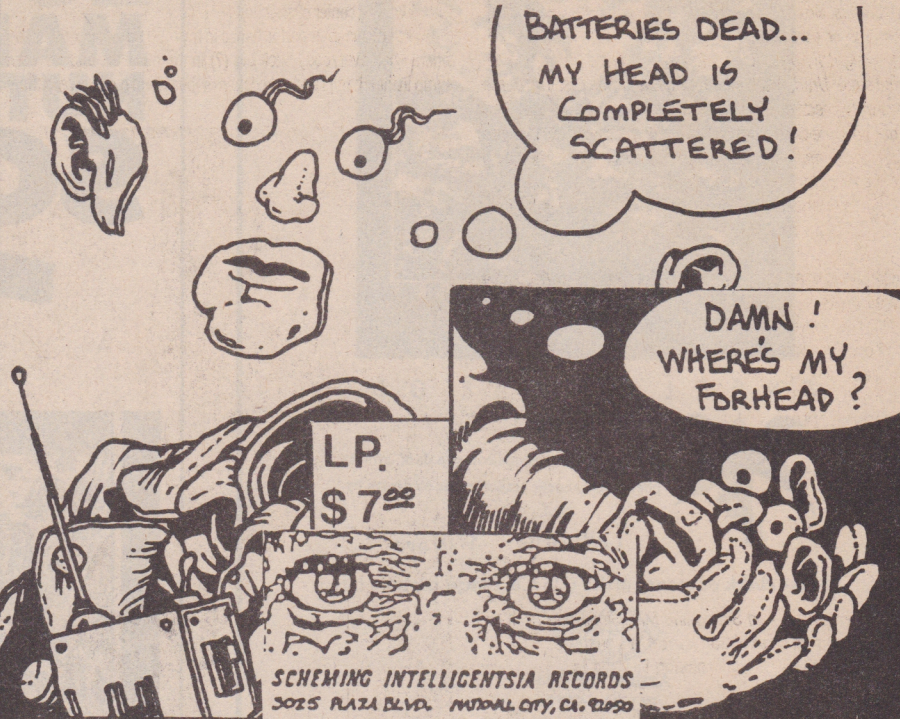


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The first thing we did upon arriving at Glen's home was go into his roommates room to watch one of Glen's latest in-drag performance's. "This issue's theme is 'Obsessions and Bad Habits,'" I told him, thinking that this guy's so weird we wouldn't have any problem filling up a few pages of some really juicy oddities. So when he replied, "And you think I have some obsessions or bad habits? I'm the wrong person to ask. I'm pretty straight living... for being gay," I was a bit surprised, worried even. Until, when explaining that it was just the theme and we only need keep that in mind he interrupted saying, "But I do get obsessed. I do get obsessed with boys. Cute boys. A special boy comes along, I will get obsessed. But there's no one I'm seeing that I'm obsessed with right now." From that point on the interview seemed preoccupied with an obsessive topic all its own. Interview by Marcel and Darby.

Marcel: Let's see, what are the different projects you're involved with?

Glen: O.k. I'm involved with two different bands right at the moment. The first one I guess is PEDRO, MURIEL AND ESTHER, which is a drag queen heavy metal parody, we should rephrase that...Speed metal parody. And then I'm in another band called GLEN MEADMORE'S COUNTRY BAND, which right now doesn't have any steady line-up because people all fluctuate but I'm going to record a record and the record's going to have Dene Opseth on bass and Dave Kendrick from DEVO on drums.

Darby: So those are the bands and then you do performance art as well...

Glen: Yeah, and then I do my solo performance, sometimes in drag, sometimes whatever. I also act in John Cagle's videos. He's putting together a remake of *Road Spring* and Mrs. Stone, and I'm Mrs. Stone. That's almost finished filming now, it's pretty hot.

Darby: So you don't think dressing in drag is...

Glen: No, it's not even a habit it's just an artistic ritual.

Darby: It seems like you throw everything out there while you're on stage...

Glen: Yeah, I try to make people—the audience—as uncomfortable as possible.

Darby: Testing the grounds and going beyond them.

GLEN MEADMORE

mance art? How old are you now?

Glen: I'm 33. The performance art started, I guess it could be traced to high school, when kids like to belch and talk at the same time. I still do it (demonstrates). They had me come over to one guy's house and do an impromptu performance. I was in my element, instantly. The center of attention—I thought, if this is what it takes, I'll do it. I did another performance in my high school English class where I had everybody stick big (?) in their mouths and rub corn syrup in their hands and asked them if they loved me. Some of them



Marcel: What is the fascination with annoying people? You said that you like to push...

Glen: It's not necessarily annoying, but making them feel uncomfortable, and making them face things that they don't normally face. It's not a fascination, it's more like, it's my duty. Also I think it has creative value and it's entertaining. I think it's entertaining to be made to feel uncomfortable. It's like when you go see a horror movie, you're not there to feel comfortable. You're there to go for another roller coaster ride. To me, that's a thrill.

Darby: You want people to face things, you're going on stage and you're saying "Face this" and you're throwing things at the audience, telling them to face it right now. Looking at your life, when did you face things? I mean, like about being gay or maybe other things. Do you see yourself as really being open?

Glen: I've always faced things as they came. Being gay was something that I never had to face, because I've always been doing it. I was always real natural and I was never a closet case, except to my dad and my mom. I sort of dodged the issue for a while because I was living with them—and then I spilled the beans. I told them just, like "Hey, man." At first my dad said that homosexuals are worse than murderers. They came and visited me when I was living in West Hollywood and I thought, well, they're going to figure it out so I might as well just tell them. He was just like "That's O.K., that's O.K." He's like an ultra redneck. He used to be a football player and stuff. I grew up in Winnipeg. It's like really ultra conservative there.

Marcel: How did you hook up with Lisa Suckdog? Is she from around here? She's not from around here is she?

Darby: No

Glen: She was in touch with John Cagle, writing letters to him. She heard about his collection and I guess they were corresponding. She sent him videotapes of her and I saw a videotape. I immediately fell in love with this person. I thought she was really great. Not only is she funny but she's really entertaining to watch. I felt that we'd have something in common if we got together. John Cagle told her this and she called me up and gave me her number. I talked to her and we got along really well right away. She came over to L.A. because a friend of mine, Richard Newton, was doing this movie and he needed a wild woman to piss on people and stuff. I instantly thought she'd be perfect for the part. He flew her out here for the screen test and loved her and we got to meet then. We just

like hit it off, went to the beach and stuff and had fun. Somehow it didn't work out with her and the movie and she went back. I haven't really heard from her lately. I don't know what she's doing.

Darby: So she was in the Murder Show and you were too?

Glen: The Gacy stuff? (note: John Wayne Gacy is an artist and convicted serial killer) The Gacy stuff came about from the people at Amok. They were putting on like an art show of Gacy stuff and I thought, he does commissions. So I got the address and then I wrote to him and gave him my phone number and told him to call me. He calls me every once in a while, but he hasn't called me lately. He asked me if I'd heard of G.G. Allin. I said no, and he told me about him and stuff. He was just laughing, he thinks he's really funny and says he's nothing like his stage personality. He's like really nice when he talks to you.

Darby: So what about people that you've worked with? I mean, you must have worked with a lot of strange people.

Glen: I think I've worked with a good mixture. A lot of the good avant-garde extremists and stuff. I haven't worked with everybody I'd like to. Genesis P-Orridge is supposed to be doing a record. A record

Glen: Yeah, it's like embarrassment is the key—the key phrase in my performances. How embarrassing can I get?—for myself and for the audience. I've gone past the point of being embarrassed myself—nothing I do on stage really embarrasses me. It's funny now, it's just humorous.

Darby: So you're completely comfortable on stage?

Glen: Yeah.

Darby: How long have you been doing it?

Glen: Performing? I guess since I was 14 when I picked up my first bass guitar...and it's developed in stages since then. I guess it was always because, when I saw ALICE COOPER and I saw the sequence hit the spotlights and all that glitter and glamour on stage with the smoke and dry ice. To me that was like real glamorous and I knew I had to do that myself—it was just like my calling. So I just picked up a bass because the bass I saw in the music store was really cool. It was like one of those teardrop faces, all black with a little pad in the back. It was like, really different from the other instruments. I played guitar and stuff after that.

Darby: When did you start getting interested in perfor-

did. That was the beginning of the performance art thing.

Marcel: Wait—back to what you were saying about being the center of attention. Is that like a need?

Glen: Yeah, especially when there is a lack of love in your life. It fills a real void. It's like you're wanted.

Darby: How did you get into the country music part?

Glen: The country music part was like a gradual progression. I don't know if you've heard any of my records but it started off kind of like industrial synthesizers. There is a country influence on "Do Me Baby." My second record I made more of a conscious effort to be more country, but it was still sequenced. It was like real clean, too clean to be country. So I decided I would do country heavy metal because it would be like real raw. Not really heavy metal, because heavy metal can be like real clean too, but real thrashy guitar, real loud, real arty, and just more raw, and more emotional, I guess. And playing live, too, because none of my records are really live playing, so that would be a different direction. It seems like people respond to that more, too, when it's live. Somehow I guess they appreciate it more.

of "Do Me Baby," actually. It was recorded in '87 and he still hasn't put it out. But he keeps saying that he's actually gonna do it. All that we're waiting for is the cover. It's supposed to be an L.A. compilation. Don Bolles is on it and some other people.

Marcel: How did you hook up with Genesis?

Glen: A long time ago, like in '86 or so, when "GOODBYE VIRGINS" came out, they were here to do a little tour. And they were doing a video... We just sort of kept in touch on the phone, and then when he came out here this last year, he said I could open, or do a little segment before their performance. So I played like three times: Ventura, Riverside and Las Vegas. And L.A., so four times all together.

Darby: Ask him about the...
Marcel: What's this I hear about chicken heads?

Glen: That always gets dragged up! I guess that'll be a story that follows me to the grave. Basically, the chicken head story is...Pardon me!! (The phone rings. It turns out to be someone trying to sell him a subscription. "I'm not a magazine queen," he tells her.)

Glen: Where were we? I forgot.

Darby & Marcel: Chicken heads!

Glen: Now let's get this story straight. I know it's been blown out of proportion like I just *jammed* those chicken heads up my butt like there was no tomorrow. That's a little exaggerated. Let's clear up this story before it goes any further. It's true I brought a couple of big bags of chicken heads on stage to assail the audience with and get them out, you know? Just like spice up their lives. They were flying all over the place because people were throwing them back at me and stuff. A lot of people didn't know what they were until after the show!

Darby: Oh God!!

Glen: Anyway, my underwear was down and I thought "What can I do with this chicken head?" So I stuck one up my butt, but not all the way because the beak wouldn't go in. I didn't want it to get stuck! Then I think I walked around with it for a little while and then let it go on somebody. And that was it. It wasn't like tons of chickens rammed up there.

Marcel: What happened to the club? The story I heard was that you did a performance, and you shoved chicken heads in your ass, and the club got closed down for it.

Glen: No, what happened was there was a big dispute between the owner of the club, Helen, and the people that book the shows.

Marcel: At the Anti-Club?

Glen: Yeah. And I don't know if you heard about the feud, but there was all this fighting over the (Anti-Club) name and I think other disputes too. They went to court and it got basically thrown out. Anyway, the owner of the club is this real shrewish woman. She said "And they started booking these horrible acts!" She was being overly dramatic. She said "This guy STUCK CHICKEN HEADS UP HIS ASS!" The judge could barely contain himself!

(short period of confusion as Darby flips the tape and finds part of the conversation was cut off and everyone forgets what they were talking about)

Glen: I could quickly rephrase it. The drag thing started out as a young little boy, seeing himself not really as a girl or a guy but just like identifying with the dresses. When I was six or seven it was like a joke if I wore dresses and stuff like that—it would really get me the attention that I needed. I don't know...I guess sometimes when I put on makeup and try to look pretty, there's a part of me that thinks that maybe someone is being fooled by this. And so maybe if I put a little bit more effort, maybe it might be a little bit more subversive in a way. And give me a little bit of an edge. So there is part of that, and then there's the humor.

Darby: You were saying you felt there was no difference

between a guy and a girl when you were younger.

Glen: I just don't relate to it sexually at all. It's like an optical illusion, I guess.

Darby: Like people always have both of those sides?

Glen: Well, really the whole thing is a superficiality anyways. The

whole look of drag is based on this society's stamping of what a woman is supposed to dress like. When you get down to it, strip everything bare, there's not much difference. Except for tits, you know, the basics. But then there's much difference, too, because social conditioning has made women so that they're not into being physically as active as men. I guess it's also the conditioning...but I'm not sure if it's affected genes at all.

Darby: I was listening to a good radio show, and there was someone on there who just wrote a book about the "real" difference between men and women—why it's so hard for them to interact. All these physical reasons why they have problems dealing with each other. It had nothing to do with social reasons,

it was because of the way they relate to things differently because of physical differences. Like, why women deal with things differently, and how they age differently, feel differently about things. It really went into detail. You don't notice these things. You're like "Why don't you like this or why don't you understand this?" You kind of want to say it's all social, but...

Glen: I think the physical things have been affected by the social conditioning. From the past, you know...

Darby: Where do you see yourself going? Are you going anywhere?

Glen: I see myself working with this country band more and more. Doing songs, and maybe...I don't know. I might after awhile, just shelve being in bands again. 'Cause things seem to go in cycles. I'll start doing computer stuff again, writing really insane music. I'm sort of writing real mainstream music. But not really, because it's me and it's exaggerated in certain ways.

Marcel: With the country you do the whole heartbreak...?

Glen: Well yeah. There's takeoffs on it, which I think are much more funny. Much more loony. It can be taken on that level. It's really like, insane, to a degree. But then again, as far as where I see myself going, NOWHERE! (laughter)

Darby: Your life or your performing?

Glen: I see myself really going nowhere and that's the scary part.

Darby: What are you going to do about it? Do you want to go anywhere?

Glen: I'm doing what I'm doing right now.

Darby: Being happy and doing the things you want to do?

Glen: I'm just doing what I'm doing right now. Just getting into playing the guitar again because I haven't played it for so long. It's been like a ten year break. I used to play it when I was a teenager. I used to say "Oh I'll never play the guitar again" because of the callouses and it's always going out of tune, all these things I appreciate now. You know the fact that it's not in tune is really...it's sort of an inaccurate instrument. Going from what I tried to create with my records, like total perfection, as far as accuracy, now going to total...

(Mass confusion as Marcel pauses the tape and Darby claims she remembers what everyone said)

Glen: Let's put this on record. Both Darby and I think that thick dicks are the best and we can't get enough. And we think that thick fingers have something to do with the size of the penis. And feet might possibly have something to do with it also.

Darby: It's not genetic, it's all about feet and fingers. So stretch your kid's fingers while they're young! So what are your weird sex habits? It can be a weird habit—c'mon! Nobody reads the magazine!

Glen: Yes they do. Let me see if I can say this...

Darby: We'll just like put "anonymous" instead of Glen.

Glen: No... (phone rings) Saved by the bell! (Into phone) Hi! I'm being interviewed by BEN IS DEAD right now and they want me to reveal my kinky sex habits. Should I? But not all the way, right? (Glen makes a taco date and returns to the interview)

Glen: The thing is, I wouldn't think it's kinky though, what I do.

Darby: Like if you were the reader?

Glen: No, like, if I was to tell you what I do sexually, it would just...

Darby: It wouldn't be a secret?

Glen: It's not like I'm into secrets, but it's not like my life is an open book! I mean, I don't name names, so I guess I do have a few secrets. If your kink was having sex with children, you wouldn't say that in an interview. There's a basic level that we cannot go beyond here. Which is not to say that I like having sex with children, because I like men. Young boys, but not children. Let's get that straight! Anyway, I like to be liberal, and I like to be a free spirit and say what I think, but there's certain limits a girl can't go past.

Darby: Why do you say "girl"?

Glen: That's just a joke.

(discussion of Darby's period before and after taking the pill, including her friend Joy's dream of pregnancy, horses and mothers. Darby rejects Glen's suggestion that she's at the perfect age for birthing)

Glen: I had a weird dream that I was with some girl. I sliced up part of her tit and it was like cheese or something. It came off and it was this big slice off the side of her breast. It didn't bleed or nothing, like cheese or baloney or something. It had a bit of her nipple in it too. It was funny, because it was like a little cake because the inside was brown too, like where the nipple is. I took a bite out of it and she said "Don't do that anymore." So I was a little cannibal in my dream. I felt really weird dreaming it. For some reason even in my dreams I have visions of...

Darby: Cutting people's breasts off?

Glen: Yeah, and eating them.

Darby: See, society does that. If only we could really cut body parts off and eat them like cake (slurps). What do you think it means?

Glen: I don't know. We could analyze it. It's weird, though, a dream about a girl. I've had dreams about girls before too.

Darby: Having sex with them?

Glen: I think so.

Darby: Or just sexual things?

Glen: I never act it out in real life though, that's interesting.

Darby: Well, that's like a girl dreaming of having sex with a girl. Maybe they don't really want to—but they fantasize over it.

Glen: They do?

Darby: Yeah. I'm sure every girl has. Maybe my mom hasn't! I think everyone comes across that at some point or another. Don't you think? I might act on it, I don't know. So you'd never go with a girl?

Glen: Never.

(Tape #2—I think more got cut off)

Darby: Men and women, dealing with each other, it's always sexual. There is always sex between them. How do you feel about that? Is not having sex something that comes between you and women? How do you feel about men and women who do have sex with the opposite sex? Is that a factor?

Glen: I think it can be. A lot of times it is.

Darby: For you?

Glen: No, not for me. Not with women. With guys, yeah, unfortunately, it's like a stumbling block.

Darby: You can't relate to a guy without that in mind?

Glen: A guy can be intimidated because they can obviously see that I'm drooling over them. And it keeps them from letting themselves get too close to me. Sometimes even if they're attracted to me it's like a deterrent.

Darby: Because they're not homosexual?

Glen: There's this thing, like, people are afraid to let themselves go to somebody that loves them. Have you ever noticed that? You get

scared away or something. There are a whole bunch of problems with people that are all caused by social conditioning, you know? **Darby:** Maybe people just don't feel that they deserve it. "Wait is this real?" Maybe that's what happens with you, because you say that you don't want a relationship.

Glen: No, because what usually happens is the other person says no.

Darby: How does that make you feel?

Glen: Like a lost cause. Like, is it worth it?

Darby: Well, the thing about guys that aren't gay... When I was at the Anarchy Festival in San Francisco, I was with these guys who had what I thought were typical liberal views and stuff, but when it came to homosexuality... *Homocore* (vanzine) and other groups were up there, being very open and these guys were like "why do they (gay people) have to group themselves." The people I was with were so homophobic and it was so weird. They said it was because of a few bad experiences with homosexual guys. It was like, they felt so threatened by homosexuality. And they were so against it just because of those few times where they felt like they were being picked up. I didn't expect them to be like that. It must be a weird thing, to try and be with a guy when you don't know if they're homosexual...

Glen: Well, that's one of the exciting things, trying to pick somebody up and they're not... Like they might suspect it themselves but they'd never act on it. And if you can get them to act on it, that's really exciting. With a gay guy you're wondering "Does he really like me?" It's like they are more beholden to you.

Darby: What do you think about things that get people off while having sex? Have you found any weird sexual fetishes or things? Not necessarily yours.

Glen: I know this one guy who couldn't ejaculate unless he wore white denim jeans.

Darby: Did he have to have his pants on?

Glen: I guess that helped. He had a fetish for white denim jeans.

Darby: That's a strange one. What part do you play in sex normally? I mean if there is one.

Glen: Oh I play everything.

Darby: Which part do you like to play?

Glen: I like playing everything. With different people I play different roles. I guess I can't say if I prefer to be top or bottom. It'd be neat to be with somebody that can be both ways.

Marcel: With different people is there like a certain role and that's it? You said you'd like to be with someone and not be limited to one role

Glen: Lately I haven't been into role-playing. I think when I first started having sex I was more "Oh fuck me Daddy, fuck me!" I was young and other guys were a lot older. Now I have sex more with guys my age. It's like a mutual thing, without the roles. There's no fantasy, really. It's just like a real affectionate thing going on. I like cuddling.

Darby: Me too. What do you think about some of the things, like tattoos and piercing, stuff like that?

Glen: I don't like the idea of people permanently doing anything to alter their bodies. Like sex changes, plastic surgery, tattooing, piercing. But then again, I think that anything that a person can do to make themselves more functional. If your arm needs to be straightened, that's O.K., but cosmetic stuff... It can go overboard. I don't mind operations where, if a person looks like the Elephant Man, they can try to make him look halfway normal or whatever. But then again, he's losing his look.

Darby: But if he can't deal with the world.

Glen: Might as well change it!

Darby: I feel the same way. Your body is what you are and any change that you make is something that you're going to have to deal with. Like what if you took acid after having plastic surgery and you were seeing it like "That's not me!"

Glen: That's a problem with drugs and booze and all that stuff—they alter your body.

Darby: So you never do them?

Marcel: But in the performance... You were mentioning beer. You said "Alcohol!"

Darby: "Alcohol, alcohol" you said.

Marcel: You were drinking a beer.

Glen: Alcohol! I'm prone to say things that I don't really mean. Just for effect. It's acting.

Darby: So you don't drink?

Glen: No. I hope I don't give the impression that I'm a boozier. Did I?

Darby: No, the woman did.

Glen: It's a character. You know why I don't like it? I see too many people, too many guys drunk. And I think it just debilitates you. You've got to be in top control. Top top control, even if you're not that smart, to the best of your ability, that's the most important thing.

Darby: Have you ever used food for sex?

Glen: Food for sex? You mean like fuck watermelons or stuff like



that?

Darby: Fuck watermelons?

Glen: I've heard oranges...

Darby: How do you fuck an orange?

Glen: Well, you hole it up until it's got some pulp on the inside, you know, all mushy. Then you put it in between some pillows, and go at it.

Darby: That's an interesting one. Do you know any others?

Glen: I think I might have done it once with an apple. I think I might have even put some mayonnaise in a plastic bag and used that.

Darby: That's interesting. How about you Marcel?

Marcel: (after much nervous laughter) Actually, I remember when I used to do like everything, I would incorporate food into every bit of art. What other obsessive things are there? You don't smoke, we did sex, and food... Is there anything else worth bringing up? Being rock stars in Hollywood?

Glen: Fame and attention are big in L.A. Fame and money.

Marcel: Some people want fame more than they want money.

Glen: Really?

Marcel: I think so. Some people get a bigger rush from being known. I publish comics. I'd rather get them everywhere I can than make money.

Darby: Isn't almost everything we do for a response? Isn't fame just a bigger response? A bigger audience for

what we do?

Marcel: With performing, that's *you*. What you're doing is so up there... You were talking about making people feel uncomfortable—have you ever made anyone feel so uncomfortable that you've had any sort of problems?

Darby: You don't often play places where they don't really know what's gonna be happening, do you? How was the Palomino, didn't you play...

Glen: Well, I got kinda heckled there. You know, they'd say "Get off the stage!" or like, "fuck you!" or something like that...

Darby: Like cowboy guys?

Glen: (Laughter) Yeah!

Darby: Yeah, I was wondering how that one would go cause most of the places you play they know what...

Glen: Yeah, that's why I like to play really straight audiences that really have no idea of the underground or whatever and take them by surprise.

Darby: Right.

Glen: To them it's real refreshing 'cause they've never seen anything like it. I really like that—the reaction, you know? My goal is to be on a TV talk show or something real big and do things that nobody else does on TV.

Darby: Is there a point where you feel like everyone's done...

Glen: I think that there's a lot of room for unusual performers on TV because nobody's really *unusual*.

Darby: Well, on TV, yeah. But I mean just performance art in general, is there a point where you say "Oh, well that's already been done"

Glen: When I'm putting together something?

Darby: Yeah. Well I mean, like we were talking about penises.

Glen: Oh, you mean as far as being shocking?

Darby: Yeah.

Glen: I'm tired of being shocking now. I'm just more concerned with the subtle shock now, like being subversive. You know, rather than just being obvious, I wanna be like real covert.

Darby: Well, it's funny...

Glen: Sneak those bizarre things in there... Under their noses.

Darby: Yeah, I like it that way, too.

Marcel: Lots of innuendos, and stuff.

Glen: Yeah, lots of innuendos and once in awhile a statement that would just, you know, throw them for a loop. I like to lay myself open for a little while, to get the audience to trust me or to think that I'm defenseless and then spring one on them. That's what I like, the cat and

mouse game. Whereas I'm the cat and the audience is the mouse. (Laughter)

Marcel: Is there anything else you wanna say?

Glen: Um, I wanna say that there's a lot of problems that have been created by social conditioning. And it's gonna take some extreme behavior and some, I guess maybe, martyr-like figures to straighten it out. But then, it's this twisted behavior that society has caused that makes life interesting. And if we did straighten it out and everything was like really perfect, then it would be really boring, and it's interesting now in the position that I'm in, being subversive. That's my comment.

Darby: But right now we're living with all this right-wing stuff...

Glen: Everything's going back to Victorian times and that's perfect with me because that means I have to do less work to be subversive.

Darby: Right, I see what you're saying, but what if it DID get to a point where, it was all open...don't you think there would be something beyond that? That to let it travel in that direction things could still be subversive but on a different (higher) level?

Glen: I think that we are growing regardless of how many limitations we put ourselves under. We've always been making headway, and believe it or not, the limitations are less limiting than they have been in the past.

Darby: You always have to have that contradiction...

Glen: You always have to have a friction, that's what keeps it interesting, the friction.

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INTERVIEW: GRAFFITI ARTIST

SLEEZ WAS INTERVIEWED IN MID-SEPTEMBER IN A CHURCHYARD OUTSIDE HOLLYWOOD. I RAN INTO HIM LATER THAT NIGHT OUTSIDE HELTER SKELTER. HE WAS COMING FROM THE HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY WHERE HE'D JUST FINISHED A NEW PIECE. By Marcel DeJure.

M: Who are you and what do you do?

S: I'm SLEEZ and I'm an L.A. graffiti writer. I'm more into the bombing but I do the piecing, too. I love the bombing. The freeway stuff. I would much rather look at something nice than look at just a plain concrete wall.

How did you get involved with graffiti?

In Jr. High there was a lot of writers and I would see them bombing the buses. After a while I would see the same names over and over. I wanted a real wild name that would get people's attention. My friend used to write ERECT and I would write SLEEZ. At first I was just fucking around and then it got to the point where I was writing more and more. Next thing you know it was almost like I was getting addicted to it, it was so much fun.

Would you compare it with a drug addiction?

Yeah, it's a trip. It's wild. It's like you're constantly doodling, constantly doing your name different ways. Like throw ups, the bubble letters. You're constantly itching to do it. I can only go a couple of days without writing at all and I get a craving to do it. I don't know what it is, if it's an ego trip or what. I'm always carrying markers in my pocket. I can be with my dad, going shopping, and I'll wait 'till my dad gets a little ahead of me and catch a tag.

Another thing is that when we go anywhere we are constantly scoping shit out. If I'm in a bus or in a car, going down the street, I'll just be paying attention to the walls, like who's up.

What's a permanent spot?

Poles are permanent spots. CHAKA (a well known L.A. writer) gets a lot of poles. Curbs are good. There's a lot of different shit. Say there's a fence and there are signs on it like "No Parking". You get the sign instead of like, a painted wall. Or we try to get walls that are going to stay up.

Do you do legal work as well?

I've done legal stuff for school and stuff like that. I've helped my friend out doing a store. It's so hard doing legal shit for the city. They've tried to set up programs but whatever they want us to do isn't what we want to do. They always got to censor it. We don't want anything that bad, but it's like anything for them... You could say the word "dope" and to them it's like "Oh, no!". They want us to do "Keep kids off drugs!". Even when you try to work with them, they're constantly trying to get information out of you, trying to trick you. So it's like, fuck them. I'll keep on bombing.

Have you ever been busted for graffitiing and were you arrested?

Yeah, I've had the Crash Unit, that's the gang division, come to my house and straight up take me in for questioning, handcuffed me and everything. It was pretty wild. They came up with a warrant that had not been cleared that I'd already taken care of. They questioned me and they were talking about this wall. They said I was going to have to pay all this money. They tried to use child psychology on me, like "If you'll just admit it, son, you'll be off".

I was so surprised because they were naming all my friends. Naming some wild shit. They even had dates down on when we did stuff. When they see the same name over and over, they start taking names down. They have a lot of documented shit, Polaroid pictures with actual dates, our tags and then our real names. They'd be like "How's your friend, so and so?" Stuff like that. "Does he still live in Culver City?" They know a

lot of shit.

How do they track you down?

They use lots of young writers to get information. They get busted and here are these fucking pigs with guns, it scares them. They really threaten you.

"This will be so much easier on you if you just tell us this." If they have a suspicion about someone they'll just be like, "We know so-and-so is whatever the name is." They'll trick you into shit.

Do you think they're wasting their time?

They're making us bomb twice as much. Every time they harass us, it makes us want to bombeven more. They're fucking up. Their way of dealing with the problem is harassing us. On Sanborn and Sunset we have that little yard. We're right there piecing for the guy, legal stuff, we have permission and everything, and they still came to harass us.

Do you think the cops associate bombing and graffiti with gangs, while you associate it with art?

It's all in one category to them. Spray paint art to them is just vandalism. In one of the local throw away papers, I had a full throw-up, SLEEZ, on a shutter. It was on the front and the head line read "Owner fears graffiti means gangs." It was about how the gangs are moving in.

With some of the artists, is there an affiliation with gangs?

Certain writers have problems with different neighborhoods for different reasons. At the same time we have respect from a lot of gang members. They're like, "How do you guys do it?" They trip. It saved me before, like with CHAKA. We were putting up at around three in the morning and we were going to get shot. They came running up with a gun. If we would have run, they would have shot us, but we put our hands straight up and said, "Hey, hey. Kick back, we're just writers." Once they'd seen what we wrote, it was OK. It scared the shit out of me.

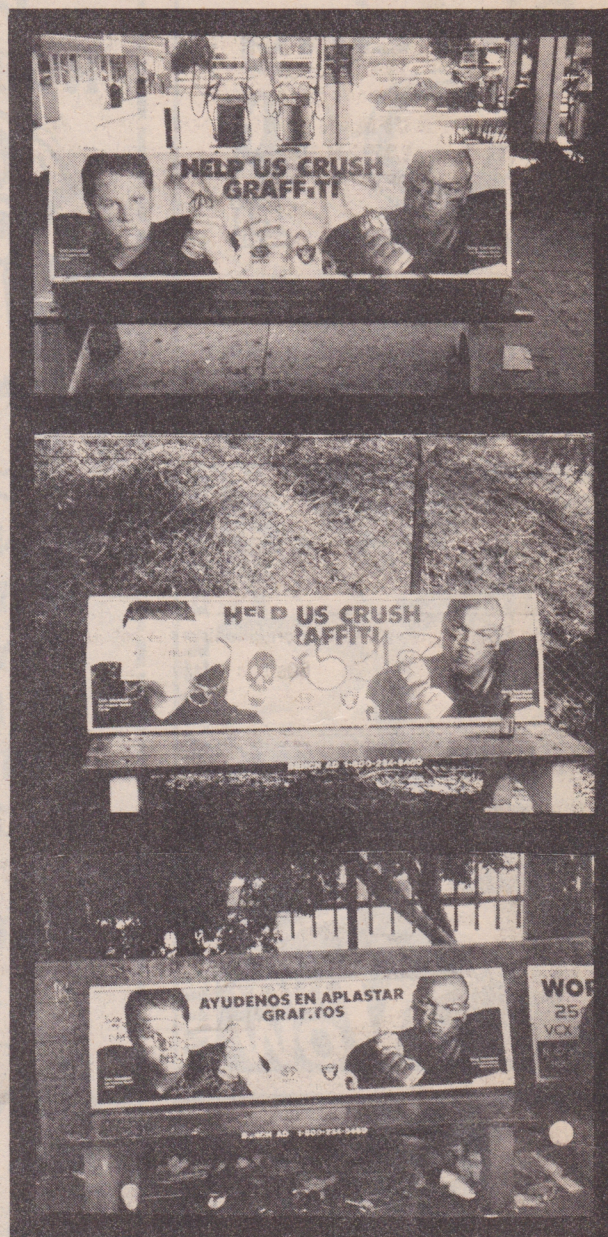
You guys take it down to South Central, don't you?

Yeah, we like it because there's a lot of shit down there. We don't really like the real rich areas. Although, there's some areas on the Westside and in Westwood that are fun to get because a lot of people go there.

What's the worst thing that's ever happened to anybody you know for writing?

Being killed. They'd mistaken him for a neighborhood (gang?) crossing him out. The guy was just writing. They screamed some shit like "What the fuck!". He ran. Then he was walking to the bus stop and they just drove up and shot him. They got him in the head. It's fucked up, man.

I had this one friend and he kinda looks like a gang banger, kinda has that look. His birthday had just passed and his mother had gotten him this nice white sweater. He was wearing it and he had spray cans on him. The cops heard the clang-clang. They searched him and fucked with him: With a



black can they scribbled all over the sweater.

I know people that have done ten months in camp because they were a juvenile arrested for vandalism.

Besides bombing and tagging, do you do any other form of art?

I really do it mostly with spray paint. I'm starting to try canvasses. I've done some stuff with acrylics. I want to get into blending shit. Even though a lot of times I'll say "instead of wasting my paint on bombing, I'm going to do some nice pieces." I'll do some legal stuff and after a while it's like I've got to bomb.

How much does it cost you to do a piece?

It really depends, we get a lot of our paint at a five-fingered discount. It's real expensive because we like using Rustolium and that's four bucks a can. I have a lot of friends that buy cans and spend a lot of money. You know how some people spend their money on cars, they spend their money on paint. That's

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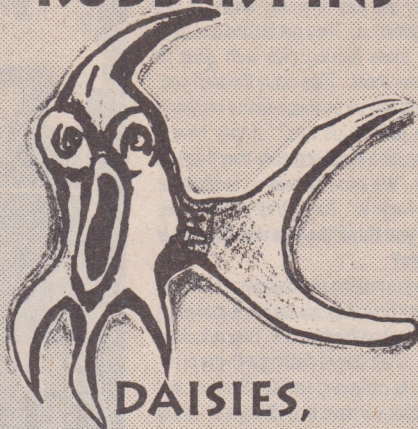


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Hello. Um, can the person who sent this and that great "Obsessions" cover to us PLEASE call or write me (Darby) as soon as possible. I lost your address and I'd really love it if you could do the cover for our next "Censorship" Issue!!! (960-7674)

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There's been graffiti artists who have shown in galleries and made it pretty big, such as Keith Haring. Do you ever see yourself taking it further? Or is keeping it on the street important?

I can't say that I wouldn't want to make money off it. Of course I would, but at the same time... I kinda want to keep it on the streets. But that's cool. I'd love seeing it in the galleries. I think people are recognizing it as an art form. The whole spray can aerosol art.

It seems like it was exploited in advertising, just like rap.

They use a lot of it. You can see where they get a lot of ideas from graffiti.

When you go out bombing, do you plan it? You don't do it alone, do you?

I like to always be with someone. I don't like to go alone. We'll go in a car sometimes and just get spots. We'll take the bus because you can cover more on foot. We'll pick a street and BOOM! We'll destroy it. We just take the bus far away. We've gotten stuck where there's no buses 'til 6 in the morning and it's like 3:00. It's adventurous.

What's your reaction to people calling what you do vandalism? Where do you draw the line?

I don't consider it vandalism. I'm a real hypocrite about this because I don't like the people that only tag their name. But at the same time, I love tagging my name. So it's hard. I guess we have our own little code. I try not to write on peoples homes, I don't diss churches and I don't write on trees. I like writing on city and public shit. I would rather write on some big business than on some little mom and pop place. I don't know, it's hard to say what's vandalism and what's not. It's kinda up to the person to decide.

How much longer do you see yourself writing?

Me and my friends joke around that we're going to be in our wheelchairs, wheeling around, spray painting. God, I can't imagine quitting right now. I've said to myself, I'm just going to chill for a couple of weeks, not write as much. The craving's still there.

What about taking it to higher places?

I tried to get into commercial art. I couldn't. It would be cool if I could do my own thing and be making some money. To us writers, it's almost a full time job. We are... we become... I'm SLEEZ. Chaka is SUPER CHAKA. We enjoy it. You don't have to make money to have fun and we're a perfect example of that. But it's nice to make money.

To get into the mood to go writing, do you use any vices, such as beer?

It's kinda funny. We don't get totally drunk but we catch a little buzz. The best feeling is to have a walkman with some really good rap walking down the street bombing. But you can't hear what's happening. We like to be aware. Our favorite place to party is on the freeway. We have this crew, I.F.K., Interstate Freeway Killers. We have meetings on the freeway. Let's say we're going to get some pizza, we'll go eat it on the freeway and drink a beer. At the end of the night, we'll smoke a joint on the freeway. It's like icing on the cake. The best feeling is the next day or whenever you pass by it. Or even seeing other writers that you're friends with. I love seeing my friends up. When you're getting up so much, you'll see your tag where you even forgot writing it. That's also pretty fun. You kind of amaze yourself. There's a rush to it.

GLOSSARY

THROW UP - Bubble letters or simple style, usually with two colors.

TAG - Writing your graffiti name on anything.

BOMBING - Using spray cans and markers to cover a large area with tags and throw ups, usually done at night.

PIECING - A multi-colored mural.



egendary Pink Dots

LEGENDARY PINK DOTS INTERVIEW
A TALK WITH EDWARD KA-SPEL
RECORDED SEPTEMBER 9, 1990
BY HOWARD HALLIS

The LEGENDARY PINK DOTS have proven themselves to be one of the most original and innovative bands to emerge from the endless industrial dance clones on Wax Trax/Play It Again Sam. Many people have recently discovered just how good this band is, and it is getting damn near impossible to obtain their records at stores around the city. Apparently, their material sells pretty fast. I've even heard that they are considered to be one of the hottest alternative bands around.

So, you can imagine how excited I was last summer, when I heard that they were touring the states and were scheduled to play at both Helter Skelter and Lectisternium. It was definitely going to be a highlight of the year to see the PINK DOTS live, performing stuff from their brilliant new release, "The Crushed Velvet Apocalypse", as well as a variety of older material. But, alas! Just as the band was picking up to fly over to L.A., they discover that their Visas had been denied! Anger! Outrage! What was the meaning of all this?!

Well, I decided to find out, so I called Belgium and talked to lead singer Edward Ka-Spel and got the real story as to what is going to happen next in the world for the LEGENDARY PINK DOTS.

BID: I guess I'll start with a question you've probably gotten a thousand times before, but I've never heard a satisfactory answer... How did you get your name?

EDWARD KA-SPEL: Ah, the name. It's quite an innocent thing really. We had an old piano with these little pieces of pink nail varnish on it and everyone was wondering why they were there. So they became quite the legendary pink dots. And someone, I don't know who, said "Oh, what a great name for a band!" and we kind of stuck with it.

BID: That's really funny. You wouldn't believe some of the things that people were thinking up. Anyway, what happened last summer? Why couldn't you obtain your Visas?

E K-S: Well, the official reason was that we were "of no artistic merit", and the clubs that we were to play in were not for bands

of "international standard". That was the official reason we were given. It's quite strange because we were obviously "of artistic merit" last year, and we must have done something really terrible in between. Sort of like fallen from favor with the gods. We were extremely angry about it.

BID: That's absolutely ridiculous. So when will you try again to come over here?

E K-S: I'm not sure when we'll be back. It will probably be next year now. We were planning for this October and, it's incredible, we're like fated not to go. Play It Again Sam has just split from Wax Trax and it's just totally inadvisable to go now. Every time we want to tour, something gets in the way.

BID: It's a real shame you can't come out here. You would not believe how large your following is in Los Angeles.

E K-S: Yeah, it was nice when we played there last year. Not many people knew about it and it was probably the strangest show we ever played. It was next to MacArthur Park with all the crack dealers outside. We had always thought of MacArthur Park as this beautiful park with this huge cake in the middle and it was quite different...

BID: I hear there's more murders committed in that park than anywhere else in Los Angeles.

E K-S: I could well believe it! We all thought we were going to be the next victims.

BID: When I listen to your songs, I get this picture in my head... sort of like a visual movie in a way, there's a story going on with background music, a whole scene. I was just wondering if you approach song writing like this, trying to paint an audio picture?

E K-S: Yes. It's very visual. All the lyrics basically start off as stories, mostly off the top of my head. We just try and fill in some of the colors, not all of them because I think a lot has to be left up to the imagination. If you join all of the pieces together and give such a complete picture, I think it's less of a piece. So we try and paint a picture and leave some of it unfinished.

BID: Have you ever experimented with conceptual video?

E K-S: I'd like to, but we don't have any money or backing for that right now.

BID: As far as influences go, Rolling Stone, just wrote a little tidbit on you guys, comparing you to early PINK

FLOYD.

E K-S: *Rolling Stone* wrote about us?!

BID: Yeah, it was a little section called "On the Edge" and they had this whole review of "CRUSHED VELVET APOCALYPSE" and basically said you guys were the Barrett-era-Floyd of the 90's.

E K-S: That leaves quite a bit to the imagination. I don't like comparisons with other bands, however great early Pink Floyd was. I think honestly that the PINK DOTS are just the PINK DOTS. The nicest description of our music I ever heard was, "Imagine tubular bells being eaten by a hoard of hungry flies". I thought that really said something, these random comparisons. As far as other influences, probably more than any others it was the early German bands. The really totally brain damaged psychedelia bands like BRAIN TICKET, CAN, early FAUST. That was the first music I really listened to.

BID: Did LSD play a role in the development of your music?

E K-S: I must be honest, no. I've only ever taken acid twice, both times being in America touring with SKINNY PUPPY. We were going up the Oregon coast. It was really nice. Big trees.

BID: There are a lot of characters that constantly resurface in your songs, like the characters of Lisa and China Doll. What do these two images mean to you and where did they come from?

E K-S: China Doll is basically a reflection of any human being. It's extremely fragile and walks a fine line between being smashed to bits and being Superman. Lisa is an extension of my dark side. The things Lisa does and the things that happen to her are usually pretty gruesome.

BID: Another thing that comes up in a lot of songs is this idea of obsessive or unobtainable love. Songs like "Princess Coldheart", "Maniac" and "Thursday Night Fever" all talk about love as being...

E K-S: The unobtainable, yeah. Jealousy and possession sort of play a part of something which, in reality, shouldn't play a part in it at all. It taints the purity of it all.

BID: Do you consider yourself an obsessive person when it comes to love?

E K-S: I'm obsessive toward music. I devote most of my time to it. I would say that it is my only obsession, and it's quite an extreme obsession. It makes no room for others because a true

obsession has to take up that much of your time.

BID: So what can we expect next from you guys? Is there a new album on the way? A new solo project?

E K-S: There's quite a few things. We're busy recording a new album which is tentatively titled "The Maria Dimension". It's quite long and it might become a double album. There's a solo project that is almost completed that should be out after the DOT's album is released. It will be called "Tenants in the Lion Tree". There's also the chance of another TEAR GARDEN recording. We're quite busy really.

BID: As far as your image as an "alternative underground" band, many of these groups have been instantly categorized into what I consider to be a wrong impression of "angst ridden, doom and gloom" with depressing lyrics and music. I don't really see that in your music at all.

E K-S: We're optimist actually. I find the doom and gloom with no humor an extremely sad trend. I think there's a lot of humor in the PINK DOTS, I think it's actually running alive with it. But, a lot of people fail to see it sometimes. Our whole philosophy is "Sing while you may". Which means to me that we are living in a privileged time. Maybe we are heading toward the apocalypse to end it all, but at least it makes life far more interesting. We're witnessing the most significant thing in the history of the planet, apart from it's birth and the emergence of life. And the idea is to enjoy it, to "sing while you may".

BID: Now that we have entered a new decade, what would you like to see happen in the next ten years? What would you like to see change?

E K-S: I'd like to see the world grow up a little bit. I actually seriously doubt that it will at the moment. Under the illusion of all the unification, we have the East Germans running in pursuit of the Armenians, the Czechs fighting the Slovaks. You have six or seven different Russian republics fighting it out with the central government. You got Iraq beating its chest. You've got the Americans and the English beating their chests back. And it all looked so good a year ago. So I don't know if things will really change. What I'd like to see is things REALLY CHANGE. Maybe it takes sometime longer. As soon as you get a bit of hope, the whole world seems to blow up.

BID: I've heard it said that the only way things can really change is if the masses, all these people who just live their lives doing whatever it is society tells them to do and never changing, all they have to do is start thinking for themselves.

E K-S: Oh, absolutely. That would be the solution to everything, wouldn't it? You wouldn't have any armies then, what a theory! Although, some people like to be in armies, but then again, they'll eliminate each other. Just give them feathers instead of guns.

For more information on The Legendary Pink Dots you can write to them at: POST BUS 38253, 6503 AH, Nijmegen, Holland

• • • • •



PSYCHICK ALL-STARS

"E AM THEE FANATIC"

Fans have gotten a lot of bad press recently. We laughed about the woman who cleans David Letterman's house, and shook our heads when a psychopath murdered Rebecca Schaeffer. We were outraged when Judas Priest was held responsible for the suicides of two fans, and we protested recent government attempts to deny 2 Live Crew fans their First Amendment Rights. That's why it's so refreshing to see organizations like TEMPLE OV PSYCHICK YOUTH flourishing. TOPY, as it's called, makes a mockery of traditional fan clubs in its emphasis on individualism, sexuality, and ritual. BID correspondent d'Avid "Happiness" Barfdini recently spoke with EUNUCH 23, a twenty-three year old castrati and TOPY member who currently lives in El Toro, Texas, with his grandparents.

BID: How long have you been involved in the industrial scene?

E23: I was thee total THROBBING GRISTLE storm trooper. I was in several industrial/disco bands, including OV POWER, HAMBURGERS FOR WIMPY, and BOOT LICE.

BID: Have you always been an extremely intense fan?

E23: When I saw thee first SPK video (where they make a corpse skull have sex with other corpses), I felt I had to go out and kill some unclean Subs (Subhumans)! I dug up a couple corpses in Spadra cemetery one day and took them to shows.

BID: And how long have you been in TOPY?

E23: I've been a dedicated Temple member for seven years now.

BID: What do you mean by dedicated?

E23: I do the whole nine yards — Hari Krishna hairdo, dick, nipple, and eyelid piercing, and thee daily consumption of my own fluids.

BID: Fluids?

E23: Blood, spit, urine, and feces. The first few weeks I'd get kinda sick, but after a while you really get to know yourself. It's a form of self-exploration, really.

BID: There seem to be a lot of rituals connected with TOPY. Can you tell me about some of them?

E23: Besides the above fluid rituals I do my daily sigil involving Gen and Paula. In this way I am able to bring Gen's new vocal/musical direction into sharp psychick focus. I also slash old elderly men's penises and send them to the TOPY U.K. processing station.

BID: How does all this relate to the music?

E23: I followed Psychic TV all over the states on the last de-tour. Gen and Paula are the center of my sexual being. Even after the castration ritual last year, I still lust for their tattooed bodies!

BID: Do you regret the castration?

E23: No. I've gone beyond mortal pleasure to thee world of psychick obedience. Piercing my body proves my liberation from society's values. The ultimate would be a laser lobotomy: a brain piercing!!

BID: Are TOPY members comfortable with the recent shift in PTV's style?

E23: Some people criticize thee new direction. But I can totally see how thee intensity of thee THROBBING GRISTLE scene led naturally to thee bolder disco horizon.

BID: Oh. But it's not exactly something new...?

E23: You are only bored if you allow yourself to be! Concentrate on enthusiasm! It is a myth perpetuated by the macho-music-propaganda machine which has led us to believe that originality and talent are important in music. PTV have shown us that it is merely a love of Elmer Fudd/Thee Fourth Assassin Of Thee Apocalypse which is essential in life! I just wish I could tape my balls back on!



photo by Sherree Rose (taken from RE/Search Magazine)

a "how to" guide on THE ART(S) OF PRODUCING AN "UNDERGROUND" MUSIC/ART SPECIAL EVENT

(WITHOUT GETTING ARRESTED, SUED, OR LOOSING TOO MUCH MONEY)

by Jack Marquette

Chapter 4: FINANCES...

As soon as you cross that boundary from wanting to share good new stuff with an audience, to the business of making money off of that audience, things get *ugly*. You find yourself in *business*, which is to say *knee deep in shit*. Priorities get all corrupted. Concepts like "potential audience draw" become the new gods to worship and you slowly blend into the world of MTV and the Troubadour. Buy into business as a priority and you will become prematurely aged, fat, and surrounded by sycophants (people who agree with everything you say, and want to live off of you). You become obligated to lie a lot and greed becomes your "art."

To love money that much is a form of mental illness which apparently science has not been able to cure. But since science, as practiced, is yet another form of business, there is no profit incentive to solve the problem.

This chapter is dedicated to the few of you who believe in *Culture Above Business* and *Art Above The Law*. If this is your realm, here are a few anecdotes and a little advice about how *not* to make money and a few safeguards against losing it. If this is not your realm, throw this away and read *Rock City News* and *Music Connection*. You deserve nothing better.

End of sermon. On to some brass tacks.

The deficit spending scheme I referred to in the last issue is simple. You, like myself, may not have \$800 sitting around at any given time, but that may be what you need to invest in Buds and party supplies. The answer is simple: "float it." March into *Smart & Final*—the cheapest volume party supply source around—and write that bad check! To be safe, wait until after 3:00pm on a Friday or anytime on a Saturday to be sure they cannot "verify funds" at your bank. Deposit the cash to cover on Monday morning and everything will be copacetic. Thank Smart & Final for the loan. Don't bother with the nightmare of kegs (too messy, too slow and deposits on the equipment and returning and hauling, and and and...). Recycle the cans and call it a day.

Remember there are those odd types who love to

bartend and will do it for tips. The bar can often equal door income. It's a psychic's job to determine how much of what to buy. I ended up with 400 Buds after one show, forcing me at gun point to throw yet another party.

Okay, here are two budgets for two very different events that happened during the last year. One simple budget, the other complicated. One made a little money. One lost a little.

I. LABOR DAY EVE (Sunday, September 3, 1989):

"A Horrid Display of Blind Rage, Naked Aggression, and California Attitude" at the Apparel News parking lot, Downtown L.A. (Don't attempt anything here again, though. Even though the lot was cleaned up the next day, the owners saw the aftermath and freaked).

A. site	\$ 0.00*
B. sound system	\$500.00
C. outhouses (2)	\$140.00
D. printing, mail labels	\$100.00
E. 1/2 postage (split w/Mirakel X=Art) ...	\$130.00
F. flat bed truck rentals (2) for stage	\$160.00
G. beer, juice, ice, and supplies	\$780.00
H. door persons (2)	\$150.00
I. TOTAL EXPENSES	\$1,960.00
J. door income (240 paid @\$7)	\$1,680.00
K. bar income	\$1,310.00
L. TOTAL INCOME	\$2,990.00

M. TOTAL PROFIT

N. Profits shared equally among 9 acts +1 promoter:	
1. TOTAL ANIMAL SOUP	\$103.00
2. POPDEFECT	\$103.00
3. GRINCH	\$103.00
4. INSULIN REACTION	\$103.00
5. DISTORTED PONY	\$103.00
6. BLOOD OFFUS	\$103.00
7. DIE HAPPY	\$103.00
8. PRIMUS	\$103.00
9. DEATH RIDE '69*	\$103.00
10. PROMOTER	\$103.00

**Death Ride '69* never got to play which was a damned shame. Ethan, who is no longer in the band was, with *Blood Offus*, one of the primary inspirations for producing this show. Ethan made up the event's name, too. I love you, Ethan.

Here's the simpler budget:

II. RED ZONE #2:

(installation and performance art event) Saturday, September 8, 1990

Downtown L.A. (near LACE gallery). 18 artists created and/or performed outdoor pieces, no cover charge. Each artist was asked to contribute \$10 toward costs (only 9 of the 18 came through). (Red Zone 3 "Prepare To Defend Yourself" is set for Saturday, December 15 at the 4th Street bridge and Santa Fe Avenue)

A. site	\$0.00**
B. bar and supplies	\$98.00
C. postage (500 @\$0.15)	\$75.00
D. postcards and posters (estimate)	\$110.00
E. TOTAL EXPENSES	\$283.00
F. bar income	\$151.00
G. artists' fees (9 @\$10; some never paid up)	\$90.00
H. TOTAL INCOME	\$240.00
I. TOTAL LOSS	\$43.00

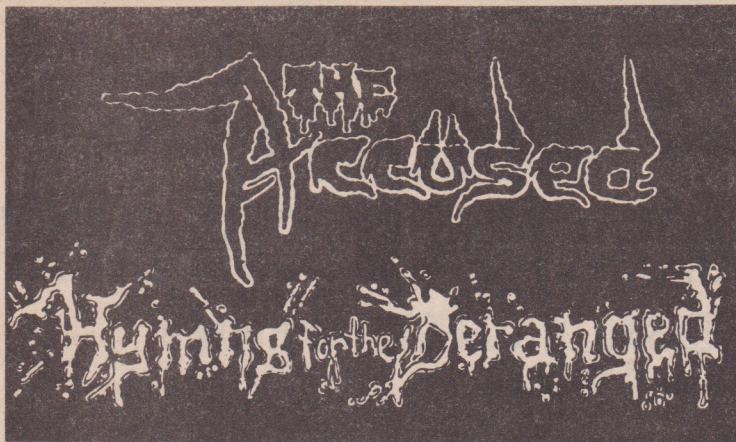
We way underestimated attendance here. The brew and juice were gone in 1.5 hours. A more ample bar would have brought this project into the Black Zone, but then it wouldn't be the Red Zone anymore, *would it?* The next Red Zone won't require "artist's fees" and will rely a little bit more on bar revenue to cover costs.

To summarize, don't invest in advertising other than a good mailing list. Get the performers to understand that it's not just a "showcase" for their work, but they are an actual part of a communal effort to present and experience new culture that cannot be found anywhere else.

*The site in this case was obtained by convincing the property owner that the event was an "annual company picnic." Well it was... sort of (where's Joe Isuzu?).

**This site, an abandoned gathering of overlooked and unused railroad track intersections, was simply appropriated—seized—for the event. In the middle of the Los Angeles Festival, going on all over town, the police (who inquired twice) were simply told that it was another Festival event. And it was... sort of.

next issue: *Summary Chapter: "Why Bother?"*



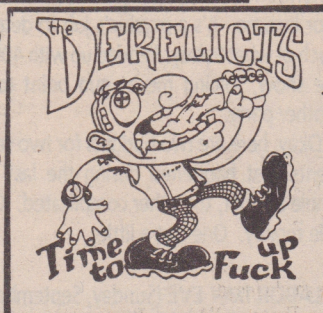
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JOYS OF DRINKING

cont. from pg. 7

- but a plucky English girl defused the situation by pouring a beer over a kraut head, ha ha!

Anyway, back to business. If you survive the rucking period of getting drunk, then next mood you'll experience will be a romantic, warm, loving feeling - in other words, you'll get the horn and your thoughts will turn to trying to get your end away, probably with the barmaid. Unfortunately, by this time of the evening, you'll be in no fit condition for chatting up anything. Girls are funny like that - they ain't attracted to blokes who can't stand up, talk loudly and are prone to vomiting at the slightest provocation. However, as you're drunk, you never realize what a fool you're making of yourself. In your mind, you're Steve McQueen and Tom Cruise all rolled into one. Serves you right, you drunken mess.

Presuming you don't cop off, then all that remains of your drunken night on the town is to stagger home with a kind of crab-like, sideways, zig-zagging motion, pausing only to sing out of tune, unrecognizable songs, or maybe a quick vomiting session and then you're home. As you crash down on the bed, you can savour that delightful last head-swimming sensation before you pass out - satisfied of a successful night's revelry completed. Once the hang-over is overcome in the morning, you'll be all ready to do it again tomorrow night.

So now you know all about drinking. Kinda stupid really, considering this magazine gets read by straight-edge sissies and druggy hippy weirdos and other sober sorts (Ya know, I have yet to meet a drugged hippy that is sober - Kerin), but what the fuck, I was tricked into writing this when I was drunk anyway. Old Darby knows how to keep her staff under control.



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GOING UNDERGROUND

by Katy Lain

Don't think I haven't had you, pretty Englishman. You look fine tonight. Just give my tongue five minutes with your blue veins.

I've seen you before; I've read all about it—keeps coming back to this, pale skin stretched across concave cheekbones—and the white shirt that falls loosely at your hips. Passed through many phases, done things, but this style burns; red-lipped youth dream, fire of my loins, my sin, my soul. Don't want much, really, just to watch you, across the bar, through the gray smoke mist.

See I've had you, many nights, in the dark, where my bed was under the bay window. At night in the glow of the light from the quad, heard your fierce thoughts; you left me, walking backwards, because you couldn't stop watching me, but I was somewhere else, soft and vague. "So sweet," you whispered, because you thought I couldn't hear you, buttoning up your black coat, pressing your black hair away from your white skin, your blue eyes.

When you were gone, I listened to your footsteps on the courtyard and imagined what you must have thought when you heard how I'd been, on the couch, with your friend, though I hadn't meant it. You wouldn't face me again—we wouldn't dance our slow moves; you decided it, that night in the quad, as the rain lightly fell. I was always looking elsewhere as you left.

I buy a pint as the night winds down. You've smiled a lot tonight, I notice, from my seat at the bar. I sit up straight; I can't keep my eyes away. You are walking away as I look up.

IT'S IN THE STAR(SCROLL)S®

August 8, 1990: "Honeyed phrases you speak or hear today might signal that the affections and momentum in a romance are rapidly rising and heading toward Cloud Nine!"

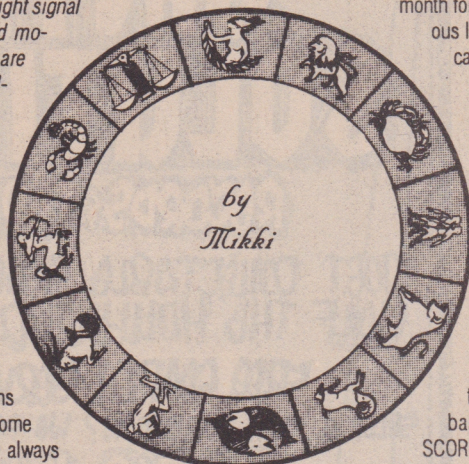
There is treasure available at the market near my house. Cached in a cardboard display on the register is the newest issue of STARSCROLL®. The box is divided into twelve tiny sections, one for each sign. I've noticed that certain signs always sell out faster, while some have very few takers. They always come out a few weeks before the month actually begins, so you can get a head start. Every sign has its own color. I'm a SCORPIO—red. I casually toss the tiny tube of paper in its plastic sheath onto the conveyor belt with my food, then immediately panic that the checker won't notice it, that it might be pushed to the side or obscured by the broccoli, that I will have to put my future on hold, stymied by the inefficiencies of capitalism.

At home, I unfurl the scroll and carefully crease it lengthwise so that it won't curl up as I read it. First, I look at the day-by-day analysis for the month, which occupies nearly all of one side. If there are any important dates coming up, I check them. In addition to the texts (like the one quoted above), there is a complex system of symbols which appear on each day's square. These "denote the major aspects to be expected for the day." The legend at the bottom explains that the HEART symbol represents LOVE, CREATIVITY, ENTERTAINMENT, SPECULATION, and SEX. The SUN symbol represents APPEARANCE, VITALITY, PERSONALITY, SELF-EXPRESSION, and INITIATIVE. There are twelve symbols in all. If a symbol appears darkened, its aspect will be stronger at night. If it appears upside down, then it is "a less favorable day for the specified activity." The distinction between day and night is moot for me, since I don't do much during the daytime. Still, I'm always glad if there are a lot of dark SUNS and HEARTS. I glance briefly to see if either appears upside down anywhere, resolving to stay inside on those days.

In addition to the image code, nine numbers appear on each day: DAILY LUCKY NUMBERS. Six are gridded next to the symbols, and three larger ones appear in shadow beneath the text. I ignore them—I'm not into numerology. The STARSCROLL® also tells when there is a NEW MOON or a FULL MOON. Later I'll read each day's message carefully; this is just a preliminary scan. Some days have a tiny STAR. This is not related to the other code, but signifies a LUCKY DAY. I note these—I always win tickets on KXLU on LUCKY DAYS. Also on the calendar side is the monthly special feature, an analysis which interprets and advises on a different subject every month. The topics (THE KEY TO COMPATIBILITY WITH EACH SIGN, THE PATHWAY TO SUCCESS) are discussed in reference to your specific sign: "PISCES, as secretive as you, will understand when you choose to conceal your inner feelings."

On the reverse is the ASTRO-FORECAST® for the

"All such vain wishes in him were prevented by a fortunate habit of being contented." —Jane Taylor



month. This is an essay which discusses the month for your sign, connecting various long-term cycles to the daily calendar as well as relating the personality profile of your sign to the forecast. It points out areas of potential growth, and suggests ways of dealing with various negative aspects. The ASTRO-FORECAST® is nonlinear and familiar, urging achievement wherever possible and gently warning of trouble spots. It ties an historical perspective based on knowledge of SCORPIO's behavioral tendencies with the specific events of the month in question, speculating on your likely responses

like an old friend.

The MOODMINDER™ is a sort of biorhythmic chart which appears below the ASTRO-FORECAST®. It plots a vertical mood scale of -10 to +10 against a horizontal axis of the days of the month (the explanation of how to read the chart is as big as the chart itself, although it does give advice for minus (-) days: "Strive to maintain a positive attitude and keep a tight rein on your emotions"). Mine is always very jumpy, going from extreme highs to extreme lows. I assume that this is a Scorpio characteristic. The background of the graph is always a strangely lit social scene. The picture changes every month, but I know that every sign gets the same picture. They suggest checking the MOODMINDER™ of your loved ones regularly. I check the MOODMINDER™ every day when I check the calendar, but I don't take it that seriously.

Further down the scroll is YOUR SUPER LUCKY STAR PICKS™, which provides basic information to use in other activities this month, like your LUCKY COLOR. There is your SUPER NUMBER to be used in all games, a set of LOTTO NUMBERS, a 3-NO. COMBO, and four cards to be used in CARD GAMES. This stuff isn't useful to me—I don't gamble—but I always wonder if everyone else isn't getting a lot of advantages from it.

At the very bottom of the scroll is YOUR PRIVATE ASTRO-MESSAGE FOR THIS MONTH. I save this for last, and I have to go into the bathroom to read it, because it's in upside down mirror writing. I have an inability to retain my ASTRO-MESSAGE; for some reason I can't even make it back to the couch from the bathroom without forgetting it. This negates the possibility of any conscious action based on the message. I think that it enters my mind very subtly, through the reflection in the mirror, and becomes so real that I don't even need to think about it, like breathing.

The STARSCROLL® allows me private consultation with the heavens. It doesn't proclaim the transcendence of religion, or the cynicism of philosophy, but functions as a sort of diary-in-advance, a daily indication that my path is neither aimless nor unmarked.

"Say 'yes' to that offer to join with someone in a love-match, it's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity."

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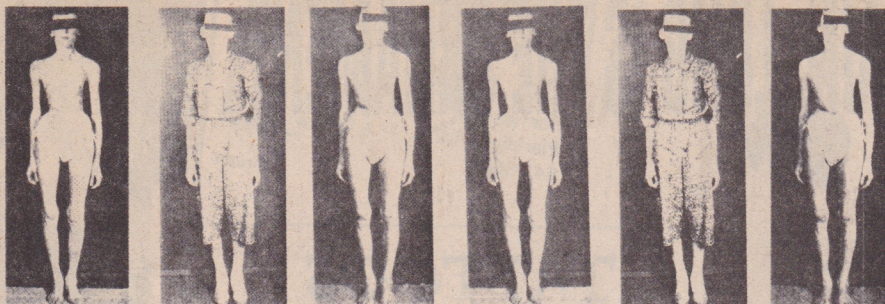
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CHUNKY DISGORGE AND STOMACH ACID

Up north in the California mountains, the closest civilization to my boarding school was that glorified truckstop town, Reno. But when we felt like gambling, we didn't have to go that far. My friend Laura and I would sneak out and walk the railroad tracks to our favorite local eatery, Gumbas. Pocket pizzas were what we'd get, with rare exception. After all the monotonous cafeteria foods, it was a luxury to order for ourselves whatever we wished. We'd sit back, excited and daring, finding a rare sense of control through the satisfaction of being served to order. Already, we knew the power of food, and we were seizing it. Finally the pizza would arrive and we'd savour every bit enthusiastically. When satisfied we would proceed to the tracks and return to school.

Then one day, making that trip back, we stopped before getting to the tracks. I can't remember why or when we decided we'd stop behind this building, a traditional white-washed country store type structure. But no one was around that we could see, and despite my nervousness, I received immediate relief as the once delectable pocket pizza returned through my mouth, touched ever so delicately with the bitter-sweet savor of my own stomach acid, and splattered across the dying weeds in front of me. One, two, it took maybe four far reaching pokes down the throat for me to rid myself of the *whole entire* (frighteningly fattening) meal. You just don't get to experience such immediate relief like that too often... not with such ease. Poke, poke, splat. No more dinner. No more worries. Why didn't I think of this before?

Now this didn't have too much to do with being overweight — neither of us was, in the least. I was always the tomboy with the chicken legs and the inspirer of dumb "flat as a board" carpenters' jokes. But the summer before my first purge was really the first time I'd ever worried about weight in my life. I think it had something to do with the fact that my already maturing or insecure friends *constantly* dwelled on the food and fat subject. I couldn't relate... at least not until that puberty thing set in for me. And funny thing, all of a sudden all the womanly changes that should have been natural and gratifying — bigger hips, bigger breasts, etc. — became the ugly aspects of my body... my self. A simultaneous experimentation with "munchie" stimulating drugs was having an effect on my physique as well. Compensation was in order, in both instances.

From then on food held a whole new meaning. I had noticed a *slight* focus on food and its place in the power structure when I was young, such as having the sweets hidden from us like buried treasure, being rewarded with dessert if we "performed" well, fighting over the last Ding Dong, and picking that Ding Dong apart and savouring each morsel as if it was the last. Other families did things differently: in some of my friend's houses they could actually keep candy out in the open for more than a few hours (*weird!*).

The bulimic behavior wasn't all-mind-consuming at first. But it took less than a year to kick in and progress into a full-fledged addiction. The people who let themselves be controlled by food are so stupid not to see how easy it is! To be one step ahead of your next meal... to eat twice as much as you ever did and lose weight at the same time...

Sometimes you'd just have to go through the routine. You'd get your mind fixated on the most appealing foods and concentrate until your resistance had broken and you could succumb to the craving. You'd have to change plans, cancel plans, put them off until you were finished — sometimes it would last all day.

If the occasion arose when you'd find yourself in close contact with large amounts of food (a party, big family dinner...) there was an exceptional chance that you'd end up showing as much food as you could down your throat (no need for only eating a little — why waste a purge on only a small amount of food). Of course, it's probable that you weren't very hungry in the first place, but really, logic plays no

role in a bulimic's decision-making process.

You'd have to make sure you had a bathroom to throw up in — one of the bulimic's irrevocable necessities. Heaven for-fucking-bid you pigged out and got stuck with all that crap for good. That could set you back days, weeks even. A solid lock — another must. Can you imagine being walked in on with your hand crammed inside your mouth, dripping with samples of putrid gruel? You could tell any intruder that you *really* are sick — and that's no lie — but still they might suspect.

Sometimes barfing can be noisy. Often it tickles your throat and you cough and gag uncontrollably. You turn on the sink or shower, not only to clean off the poking finger when needed, but to cover the noise. Another potentially threatening bathroom move is clogging up the toilet. You use T.P. sparingly — enough to prevent splashing. You never go in the sink, it almost always clogs. And always put up the seat before and, most importantly, put it down after if you're a girl. You wash your hands and face well, with soap. You brush your teeth, or do your best, not only for good breath but also to prevent excessive

damage to your tooth enamel caused by the stomach acid (remember, it's strong stuff). You clean up your mess if any. You can't be sloppy — this is your great secret. No intruders — take no chances.

You may have a sore throat. You'll certainly have massive stomach pains, intestinal problems, and things along those lines. Sure, you can get ulcer pills from the doctor — it may even soothe for a while — but it won't come close to solving the reason why you're in pain. Every part of your body is affected — depending on how in tune you are with yourself you may or may not notice.

You do give it up occasionally though — not always because you've the strength to, but because you're too weak not to. It physically becomes too painful. Sometimes you just temporarily indulge in other (often addictive) activities 'til you can, want or need to return to this one. During those times you may feel self-cured but really you're only side-tracked and still addicted. Again and again you prove to not have the upper hand — it's easy to fail repeatedly at the same thing.

For me this has been going on and off for seven years now. I guess writing this is supposed to assist. I wrote this story a month and a half ago, but only a few weeks later I again hit that bulimic low and *needed* to get high. A friend convinced me to research the topic to learn about all the horrible things it did to my body and scare myself into stopping. Actually, I had tried that before when I called one of those bulimic hospital numbers — I asked them to scare me but they didn't scare me enough (how was I supposed to know why I'd mind an electrolyte imbalance?). This time I went to a book store, came home with a bit of info — some I've included below.

Of course, I still have a problem with the whole thing — the whole addiction thing. I guess for now I'm utilizing my "addiction transference powers," no doubt aided by the worst of the bulimic health concerns and the fact that I'm too poor now to vomit even the cheapest of candy bars.

By Darby. Edited by Mikki.

HEALTH INFO:

HERE ARE SOME FACTS THAT MAY GIVE ANY WITH FOOD DISORDERS THE INSPIRATION TO STOP.

- Purging cannot cause the stored fat on a person's body to be lost, except in cases of extreme starvation.
- The rise and fall of blood sugar levels create mood swings that contribute to general emotional chaos & feelings of incompetence.
- Purging creates new cravings which cause more bingeing and purging. Our ability to appease & satisfy hunger is altered radically.
- Those who begin vomiting as a diversion come to discover that the behavior they saw as a convenience has wrought emotional and personality changes for them. They begin to suffer a sense of shame and incompetence, and develop a physiological spectrum of body disturbances as well.
- Not all sugars from rich foods are purged from the body. Some sugar remains to damage teeth.
- At first laxatives offer bulimics an alternative to vomiting, but to rid their bodies of large amounts of food in a short period of time, bulimics must seriously abuse these medications. Abuse of laxatives and diuretics also cause the body to eliminate its needed salts, potassium & magnesium (causing dehydration, muscle cramps, dizziness & fainting). This can lead to serious, sometimes fatal, imbalances in the body's electrolyte system. Also, the body begins to depend on laxatives if they are used on a regular basis, & the bowels can no longer be moved without them.
- When purging continues on an intensive basis, it can cause kidney damage and eventually kidney failure. Heart failure can also occur from an electrolyte imbalance.
- Vomiting causes damage to the lining of the throat, esophagus, and stomach. In extreme cases, the lining of the esophagus ruptures and causes death.
- Often, the bulimic stops menstruating (*amenorrhea*) when the disorder becomes serious. This is a warning that the body is not getting the nutrition it needs, and therefore it automatically shuts off one of its complex and important functions.
- The anorectic's body is often cold since it does not get the fuel needed and there is no layer of fat left for protection. One mechanism the body has, when highly depleted and unable to keep warm, is to grow a fine layer of downy hair, called lanugo, over its surface.

OTHER INFO:

- Bulimics are usually older and are often involved in successful careers or doing well at competitive colleges. Often bulimics have successful parents and ambitious brothers and sisters — they are expected to be the best in what they do.
- Some mothers of bulimics are unsure of how to treat their children, and this may cause their daughters to lack self-esteem. A bulimic may see her father as a potential source of great strength, but feel that his strength is not available to her. She may feel that no matter how hard she tries, she will not be able to please him.
- Nearly all bulimics categorize their foods into two groups: those that do not produce weight gain and can be retained (fruits, vegetables) and those that have to be thrown up (sugar, starch, fats, oils). Often an individual would eat an "acceptable" meal (retainable category) and then have an "unacceptable" dessert in order to justify vomiting the entire meal.
- For those who learn to induce vomiting voluntarily, it begins as an unpleasantness and evolves into a sensual, addictive muscular convulsion. No meal feels complete without it.
- Bulimic anorexics are often more mature socially. They are or have been more outgoing, have had more sexual experience, and tend to run into difficulties with addictive behaviors in the areas of alcohol and drug abuse.

WHY WOMEN?: Nearly all bulimics are women. 90 to 95 percent of anorexics are female.

- Traditionally, men have been encouraged to express their anger openly and to make decisions about their own lives, while women have been taught to suppress their anger, be passive, and rely on others for their needs.
- Some girls, when maturing into womanhood, may be too frightened to face the changes taking place in their bodies and in their lives.
- Women are faced with the conflict of TV and magazines, seeing countless tempting recipes and commercials about rich, caloric food. Yet they are also presented with a multitude of diets and are surrounded by images of beautiful, thin women.
- Some experts claim that because highly developed countries like the United States have enough food, fat is no longer a status symbol.
- Others suggest that men don't want to compete on the job with large women; they seem to find small women less of a threat.
- Still others say that the women themselves want to escape the old-fashioned, passive image that may be associated with being amply built.



"The fool that eats until he is sick must fast until he is well." —George Walter Thornbury

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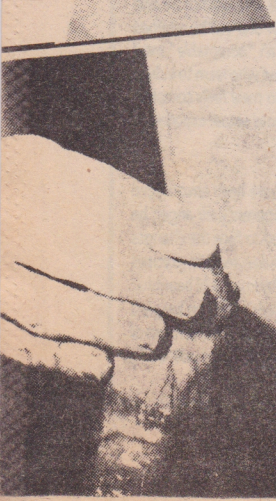
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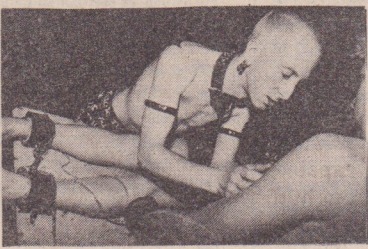
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"While I personally get tremendous pleasure and satisfaction from my stretched piercings and from doing my self-torture rites, I don't want anyone to get the idea that that's the only way to go. Piercing doesn't have to be a whole lot of pain, and it doesn't have to be a matter of one inch plugs or nothing. A well placed piercing with a 14, even a 16 gauge piece of jewelry in it, can give you an enormous amount of pleasure. The important thing is to give yourself the freedom to explore the outer limits of your own sexuality. You don't have to be a fakir to do that. —Fakir Musafar



Each person treats his body as an image of society—Mary Douglas
People want to have control over their body. Even if you can't control the external environment, you can start by controlling your internal environment.—Greg Kulz

It's a very personal bonding. Sometimes between the person and myself and sometimes just myself. Most of my piercings signify important events in my life... My first piercings were in kitchens and punk rock nightclubs. Like "Here, do my nose, do my ears!"... It's an obsession. Especially when you're really into it and you can't get pierced for a while. It gets really bad. You're just going "I want it!" —Crystal



I knew if I got through (the pain of) getting my nipple pierced I'd never be afraid of getting in a fist fight again. The most exquisitely kinky moment of my life was sliding into mistress Barb while simultaneously piercing her labia with an insulin needle. —Dukey Flyswater

I think they look lovely and the sexual enhancement is incredible. The next piercing I'm going to get is three rings on each side of my labia so I can lace them up and tie them together with a leather thong. —Barb of Dutchess DeSade

Newest fashion craze in America — body piercing

A spine-chilling new fad called body piercing is sweeping the nation. That's right — people are actually punching holes in their nose, nipples, navels and hands to have convenient places to wear jewelry!
"You'd never guess what's hiding under the clothing of the people who come into our store," said Elaine Levine, manager of Gauntlet, a body piercing shop in Hollywood, Calif.
Miss Levine says customers thread everything from gold rings to miniature padlocks through their bodies after the

piercing is complete. She calls body piercing a national fad and personally sports 15 holes in her ears, nose, wrist, navel, lip, nipples, tongue and the webbing between her forefinger and thumb!
Does it hurt? "Of course it hurts," said one woman who had her nose pierced.
WEEKLY WORLD NEWS
December 11, 1990

TATTOOS

KITTY BEAT TALKS TO TRACII GUN'S OF THE L.A. GUNS

Once reserved for returning war heroes, grease monkeys and those "born to lose", tattoos can now be spotted decorating the flesh of almost every social strata. Fashion mavens proudly sport engraven breasts, while B.H. housewives rush to have their tattooed eyeliner touched up and the rumor of a Korean tiger on George Bush's ass didn't seem to hurt his campaign at all. You might say it's "gotten under our skin." But what's really the appeal? BID decided to ask an expert.

KITTY: OK, let's see here. When did you get your first tattoo?

TRACII: When I was 17.

K: And what inspired you to get it?

T: Because all of a sudden I wasn't in a punk rock band anymore, I was in a hard rock band and I thought the punk rock people were posers and wimps and all those other good things. So, I had to do something that was totally unclear because rock-n-roll, when I was 17 years old, was a very clean thing and I was like goofy, you know. So the first tattoo I got was a little heart with the guitar thru it on my left shoulder, a fairly little thing. I knew I was gonna continue from there but I had to see what it felt like first. I figured I could keep my punk rock element when I started getting tattoos all up and down my arm.

K: If it was too painful you would have considered only having one?

T: No, I probably would have considered getting wasted every time I went in to get more, instead of being straight. But so far, I've had over 50 hours of tattooing and I haven't been fucked up once.

K: Outside of the "unclean" appeal, what else is there? I mean, you've got a lot of work. You've got one whole arm and then some and you've also got the foot long dragon.

T: Yeah, on my thigh. The real thing of it was, I figured if I could get a band together, a hard rock band and everybody had tattoos, it would set us apart. It would be like a tribal thing. People could identify members of the band by their tattoos. Back then, nobody had tattoos that was playing hard rock. Maybe Paul Stanley had a cherry on his arm and Steven Tyler some little tattoo. But getting down and dirty, there weren't a lot of bands that collectively had a lot of tattoos. But now, of course, we know that it's almost a poser thing to have tattoos. But that's why I keep getting more, because I'm totally frustrated by all these bands where everybody else has them. It's getting to be such a common thing.

K: Do you find that if you go to long without getting a tattoo, do you miss it? I've just heard from people that it's like that.

T: After getting as much as I have that's not something that necessarily bothers me. Now it's more of a creative process, you know. I take a long time to think out something. I want to look at it, it's got to be something pretty cool. My whole arm was thought out and it's not just a bunch of elements thrown together, it all flows together. It's more creative now, not as rebellious. (laughs) Obviously, it's not anymore, cause everybody else has them.

K: I don't want to get too gross here, but do you find that it hurts less after the first one or does it all just hurt the same?

T: It doesn't really hurt more but you get more aggravated by it. By the tenth time I was getting very aggravated. See, most people when they go to get a tattoo, get a lot of little tattoos and they go away feeling like they've missed something. I've sat for hours at a time and I know what it feels like. I'm not one of the ones going back again because of what it feels like. They're painful, man. A big piece is real painful 'cause you passed over an area that was tattooed 5 minutes before or a half hour ago and it's real sore. But you just try to relax with it and hope it's over soon.

K: I have this theory about tattoos. That part of it is this macho thing. Like the American Indians cutting themselves or hanging from hooks, the scars could be considered the trophy of the experience. So tattoos could be considered kind of a trophy.

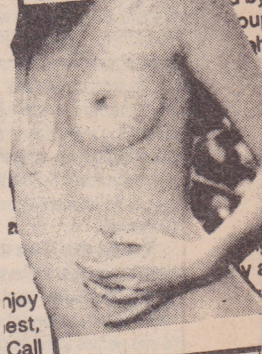
T: That's true. That's why I mean it's like a tribal kinda thing. Well it was. I just thought it would be so cool. Like how the guys in the service basically have their tattoos and that's how it all started. It's a really good identifying thing. A lot of people don't get tattoos because they are criminals and they don't want to be identified. But I'm not really worried about that. Now, it's like if you have tattoos everybody thinks you're just a rocker.

K: So what do you say when people go "Hey, that's a lot of tattoos. You must be a rocker?"

T: I just say yeah, you're right!

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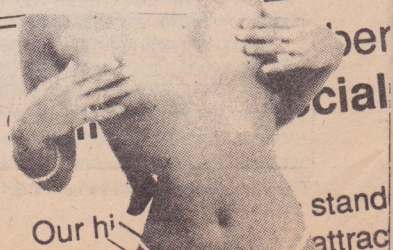
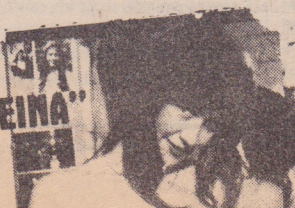
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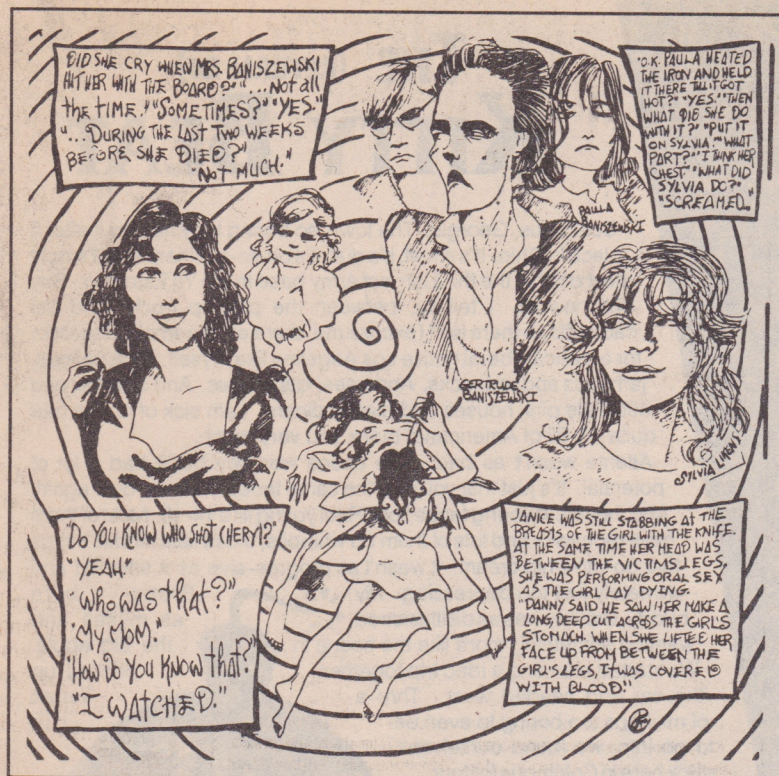
39th BIRTHDAY

Want hot, sexy lad



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THE TERROR IN MY HEAD

Trapped inside of me, my youth. Visions of untrue reality, distorted memories of movie horror. Behind closed doors, behind windows, in closets, the reflections your bathroom mirror would reveal. All the evils locked away find escape through my everyday life—through everything I do. My deepest fears arrive without warning. Not a day goes by when I don't envision my own destruction behind the wheel of my automobile. It's always violent, horrifying, and I experience the emotions as if it really happened to me. There are monsters in my house. There are spirits of my own consciousness that torture me, that make me shriek and hide under beds. My mind runs off with my fears and keeps going until I'm traumatized by it. The scariest of all things I have ever seen, read, heard or imagined are prominent in my brain and I play with them as if I am playing with the option of my death. I want those fears to go away but I know they cannot. I want to control my mind but I'm afraid my fears are taking over.

—Darby

Sitting here and the moon is full but silent
Floating through my window and laying it's head
upon my bed,
He doesn't know I watch him.
I consider waxing it at lengths with poetics
but then decide not to
and abort all ideas.
No, the moon is not like this...
or as pale as that...
I'm sorry, but similes die hard.
Instead I think of a car crash
and the thunderous time-stopping force
of an accident.
Thinking of words and what truly useless
things they are when death approaches.
One would benefit more from learning a good
game of chess
than sitting, slumped over in a chair
writing poems to the fucking moon.
But death is here now
in this room
and I can feel him
trying desperately to make eye contact
but I just make sure I concentrate on this
keyboard,
which reminds me:
The moon is a mute little child
sleeping softly with the covers drawn up
to his twitching chin
and he is afraid of the day he will die
smashed between two cars
while on the way to a friend's house
for lunch.
—Holy Day

Outside of Erewhon, a guy asks me if he can clean my windows while I shop and I agree. When I come out, he's just finishing and the glass is sparkling. After I pay him, he asks if I smoke and I give him a couple of cigarettes. We joke about the difficulty of bumming smokes outside a health food store. Nearby, a man collecting money for disabled veterans looks at us with disapproval.

During my lunchbreak I go for a walk outside. A block or two up Fairfax, I realize I'm out of matches again. Outside the homeless shelter, I see two women smoking and ask them for a light. They oblige, commenting that it's nice to meet a fellow smoker. "Don't you hate the nineties?" one asks me. Yeah.

In college I wrote this piece for a humor magazine called "The Homeless: Our Future Aristocracy." I said that in a post-apocalyptic society, the skills which the homeless have mastered would be highly valued. "Many already sport the post-mutant look, with strange lumpy physiques, tattered skin, filthy clothing, matted hair and open sores. They efficiently carry their streamlined possessions on their backs, perfect for long treks in search of nutrients, and are capable of building shelters from the basest materials." I thought this was political humor, even writing that Ronald Reagan knew what was going on when he said that people are homeless by choice.

Read in the context of these recent experiences, my attempt at social satire is as clumsy as Reagan's logic. My intent was to suggest that the apocalypse may be economic, not nuclear, and that it is already upon us. But therein lies the fallacy: the apocalypse is not upon us, not upon me, but upon them. Claiming Reagan as our shared enemy doesn't imprint me with the virtuous suffering of the poor, any more than sharing a cigarette with them does.

—Mikki



TO PICK OR NOT TO PICK

"You can pick your friends and you can pick your nose but you can't pick your friends nose."

—Mickey Duplex

Picking is an art in which we all participate. An instinct we should all be proud of... considering that not all animals are as lucky as we with our significantly capable phalanges.

Though my original intention was not to relate this article to only one qualified group of individuals, those who participate in nervy addictions such as, say, crystal meth are unquestionably more familiar than others with the 'dreaded pick'.

There are many things we can pick at. If you pause for a moment I have no doubt you can run off a list of things you've picked. But, while nit-picking or even picking trash can be obsessive characteristics of some, the 'dreaded pick' is yet another degree of picking.

When you watch baboons picking each other clean there is an "I can't stop 'til I get every bug off you" attribute to the pick. It's rather intense actually. It's a pick that is started with the honorable intent of conclusion, its only problem being that there is no real end.

"You can never pick your nose for the last time."

—Chinese Fortune Cookie

When you find the picking gets past the point of logical reason and rooms the world of uncontrollable self-destruction that is the pick which will follow you to your grave (barring no major changes).

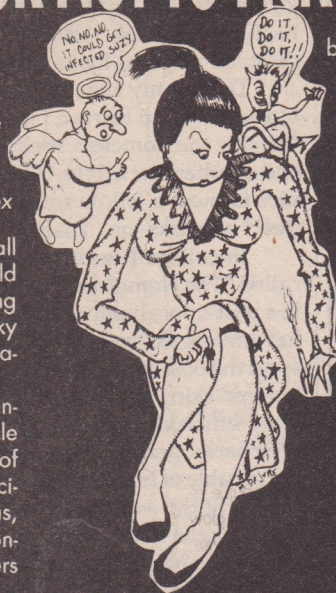
As with other obsessive qualities this pick has found a weakness within you and has embedded itself inside. Breeding frustration, irritation, anxiety, it will earn for itself the space to grow. At the beginning you may have willingly given it its space, out of fear of emptiness perhaps. Now you may find it's taken much more than it's given.

"You can pick a zit 'til you hit bone but you'll still have something to pick at."

—Hollywood Proverb

The cause of the pick is what we're really discussing. The act or actions that have lead the way to the weakened state you find yourself in. Don't be mistaken, when a disease grows it's because it is suited to the environment it grows in. A change in the environment can just as easily (painfully) cause the disease to mutate or die.

So, next time you're sitting with yourself at 5:30 in the morning, running your fingers over your scalp in search of old scabs to pick, take a look at yourself. Did you lose more than you've gained? Honestly?



by darby

THE (RETURN OF) KITTY BEAT

Columbus, Georgia. The town so boring they named it after a place in Ohio. It's small, it's dull, it's oh-so-southern and it's right next door to the third largest army base in the Yu Ess of Ay. Boy shit howdy! I tell ya, between the pick-up trucks and the camouflage there isn't (excuse me, there ain't) a whole lotta room for a cynical liberal native Los Angelino like myself. Only yahoos, jarheads and rednecks. And trees, lots of trees. And clean air and cute little pink houses and plastic diners. I am sick of it. I've had quite my fill of Americana, thank you very much.

Atlanta wasn't as bad. The scene was tiny but it had a lot of potential. It's just that you saw the same faces over and over again. And they were young faces, too. Real young like 14-18. Most of them have mohawks and lots of them do whippits, those little nitrous things that go into whip cream. It wasn't as progres-sive as it seemed and ultimately just too depressing. My buddy, Brittany was as disillusioned wanting something more like the scene in We started planning a road trip together, the car and headed west. Thru a of mishaps too boring to even be- to go into, we found ourselves stuck here in Columbus for four long months. It shouldn't happen to a dog.

So, here we are in this crappy little town just dealing with it. I'm doing my best to stay sane. I have enormous phone bills from calling home just to find out that the weather sucks. But if it wasn't for Darby and Nickeysaying "Come home!", I think I'd just sink under the wretchedness of

it all, grow a bouffant, marry some army dude and start squeezing out the puppies (or is that kittens?). This place is too weird. You can't find bagels, live music or decent conversation. Or like, you're at one of the two tiny and insipidly tasteless nightclubs in town, you see a guy who looks slightly less dorky than most, so you walk up to him and spit out some standard cliché. He casually whips out the Skoal, carefully places a pinch between cheek and gum, looks you up and down and comes back with "You ain't from around here, are ya?" Your libido hits the ground running and you're left to deal with this dipshit from Hell. This is a true story, I kid you not. It's like being in Leave it to Beaver land. The cars all have little yellow ribbons tied to the antenna in honor of "Our Boys" over in Saudi Arabia. It takes an hour to get a taxi and then you have to give them directions. Everyone tells me I talk too fast. This place only has six exits. And try, just try to mention the words "Flag" and "Burning" in the same sentence. Ho Boy!!! I don't recommend it.

Oh God! I'm so homesick. I miss it all. I want a double cappuccino at the Pikme Up Cafe, surrounded by trendy intellectualism and undeserved elitism. I can almost see the beach (minus Darby's graphic description of the foamy polluted waves). I want to shop on Melrose. Help me Lord, but I think I want...Yes! I want to wear Lip Service clothing and go see a show on the Strip. (No pay-to-play, of course, I'm not that desperate.) At this point, I even miss long hair. I want to smell the weird fishy odor of the Santa Monica pier and the pee stench of Hollywood alleys. I want to do open mike poetry. I want to pick up the L.A. Weekly at Gorky's. Will these things still be there when I land, finally, on blessed shores? Will I be out of touch? OH GOD!! Will I have a slight but still noticeable southern accent? I am plagued with worry and doubt.

Send me a pair of ruby slippers. There's no place like home...There's no place like home...I'm sorry, L.A. I'll never bad mouth your smoggy crime filled streets again. I'll be even more liberal. I won't complain about the high cost of rent. I'll buy a car. I'll even work for BID for free. Put me in front of a jury of my peers and judge me criminally stupid, I don't care. Just let me back into the madhouse and I'll fall down face first on Hollywood Blvd. and kiss the star of Elvis. Whatta ya say, huh?

You can't say no, I'll cry,
Kitty (the more humble) Beat

"Habit is a second nature." —Michel de Montaigne



BEDTIME STORIES

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

or A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO DATE RAPE



I am an ex cocaine addict from Huntington Beach. I used to be obsessed with mainlining coke while prostitutes I picked up sucked my cock. All women are prostitutes in their own dirty little ways but that's a whole different story. I used to also make my girlfriend shove turkey basters up my ass with a lethal dose of cocaine and water. Right before I was about to have a seizure, I'd shoot a jet stream out my ass. I felt a little like the Apollo 7, if you know what I mean. Watching my bitch scrape the shit off the walls and lecturing me was a sight for sore eyes.

After being sober a couple of months, you'd figure I'd change my filthy ways. No chance. It seems my piggish ways multiply as I live life "one day at a time".

Me and a couple of friends dress up like a couple of preppy school boys, like those homos that ride those day-glow rice burners in Balboa. No tattoos showing, clean shaven.

You'd never know the evil foul pig in sheep's clothing. Then we cruise down to Balboa, find the freshest, most innocent group of girls, approach them and tell them our names which change on a nightly basis. The girls are usually between 14 and 18 and their minds are open to suggestion. We take them on the beach. Sometimes we feed them alcohol. Wine coolers are best. All these dumb little girls think it's the thing to drink. On the beach, we tell them lies and find the one we want and split into couples. Walk them to a dark, desolate spot on the beach. Then the game begins. The name of this game is *Demoralization*. I usually start out by telling them that my parents are filthy rich and they pay me to stay out of their hair. They say I'm in the way. I make them feel sorry for me as much as possible. Then I tell them I just want someone to spend time with, that their eyes are beautiful. 80% eat up everything I say. They usually hold my hand or put an arm around me. Then I slowly take their clothes off and fuck those little girls silly. On rare occasions, they will start trembling. That's how I tell the virgins from the soiled ones. If I can't persuade this particular one into a good fuck, I pull my pants down and stick my dick between their eyes. The speechless ones just start sucking. If they don't, I lay a heavy guilt trip on them, roll over and beat off into the sand.

Never had it so good.

Blake Jones (We have his address and can forward mail)

BID is open to unsolicited contributions and fully supports the right to free expression - look what we get for it.

BRING ME...

by John A.M.

Bring me my wishes
and good luck charms.
Bring me my health
with a six pack of beer.
Bring me a woman,
free of trouble and charge;
Hah! Somebody says...
Now toss me some wisdom
so I make no mistakes.

Now bring me down
from this hill
where all my dreams
are visible.
I can't stand a
strip tease by
my own mind...
So sometimes I
ADJUST it, with
various substances
that get me even.

A SCREW

by Ivy Schild

SMEAR ME
WITH YOUR JUICES
LET'S LICK
ALL EACH OTHER'S
HOLES
I WANT TO STARE
INTO YOUR FROZEN EYES
AND FUCK LIKE

LOVE
WAS
REAL
THEN WE WILL LIE
VACANT
SQUIRMING IN
OUR SCENTS
FEELING
APART
WITH OUR TONGUES HANGING
LIKE AWKWARD ANIMALS
WAITING FOR THE FUN
TO BEGIN

BURLAP BAG

by Suda Skyrus

He is not mother's long lost ranchand sweetheart. He is not a preconceived distraction. It's not true that people can only choose from what they're offered. What's going to float? Eyes. Eyes between stacked glasses, capricious. Is it a rational form of calculation? At least it's not medieval. It is a table or chair that rocks with shifted weight. Revival. From choice not to, in order to transcend rubric of paranoia. Move towards better light, don't ruin your eyes. Where are you looking? Who is looking at you looking? Don't ruin your eyes. He needs to cut his fingernails. Nothing like perfection. Undeserved.

He is not the picture in the brooch. And someone stole his bag. You're the first to know. Just checking. Give me a burlap bag, I'll be yours forever. I must remember, I am not a hinge, but I keep thinking of bad puns. This flirtation is presold and deliberately obscure. Sorry, I wanted to tell you, but I didn't know whose influence it was over, what goes on in the air. Maybe it's the other way around. You were not that calm, in fact. Don't be silly. It's just because I like you.

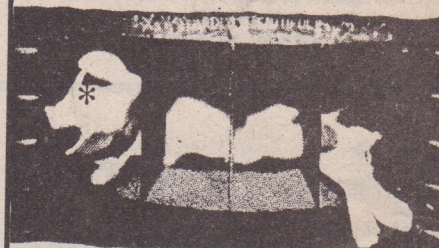
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WIGGLE YOUR BUTT AND DO THE PORK

VIDEO REVIEW

GG ALLIN EATS HIS OWN



This video documents a soundcheck and portion of a show in San Francisco a few years ago plus a lengthy "backstage" section featuring some truly amazing people. In fact, it's as much fun to watch his fans / groupies as it is to watch him scream and writhe around. Technically, the video is quite good with both the picture and sound being up to par except for the cameraman getting jostled (been watching too many *Excalibur* reruns, or do you mean jostled? -Kerin) every once in awhile from his precarious position in the crowd. My beef comes in with the title which, unless I'm missing some very quick action, are false. Although I heard from people who saw this show that he did indeed slurp his feces, it is not in this video as far as I can see. To his credit though, he pisses off the stage, beats himself with the mike, and gives a fan a few kicks and punches and then throws him off for the crowd to finish off. Neato fun endorsed by the pope himself. -Evan
(LA Media, PO Box 2430, Santa Clarita, CA 95055)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PLEASE NOTE: The writers of these reviews are of no all-truth or above average standings. The fact that they are published does not give them any more validity than the (often contradictory) opinions of ANY person.

100 FLOWERS – 100 YEARS OF PULCHRITUDE

100 FLOWERS were one of the four most popular and influential bands of the Los Angeles underground of 1982. The band formed in 1978 at a UCLA dormitory talent show as the URINALS and went on to inspire such then undiscovered legends as the GUN CLUB, MINUTEMEN, and MEAT PUPPETS. The trio broke up on the brink of international success leaving us their post-punk loveliness in the form of several compilation tracks (Keat

whole village of undesirables. It's recorded on "an average stereo", so, considering the limited resources, this is a fairly good cut. It's hard to pin point what the musical directions are. John plays the instruments and sounds all by his lonesome. The experimental notations are the high points here. It is out there. —Ty (Nonoxynol-9, P.O. Box 7792, Rego Park NY, 11374)

ALICE DONUT – MULE LP

Trivial, kinda high school sound. Not nearly as coherent or interesting as their first two records. Trying to be cool and shocking but rarely interesting. Lyrics like "Road Kill/ Lassie got her head crunched", "Misses Hayes takes

a fork and stabs it in her husband's neck, rips his tongue from his throat and slashes at his fatty jowls", "Roaches in the sink, I'm cooking something dead." Some lyrics are better and the music is full and dynamic. Interesting ideas but lacks focus and development. OK for a younger crowd (Jr. High). Better than most bands, but this record misses the mark. Plods along and gives me a headache. They'd be better if they'd branch out to something fresher and listenable. —Ethan & Annabelle (Alternative Tentacles, P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101) (One week later Ethan called asking me to add a note on to his review, he says he likes the record now —Darby)

ALL – ALLROY SAVES C

OK, so everyone knows that these guys are great musicians and I'll even admit it. But that doesn't mean I like this very much. It sounds exactly like any other ALL record and I guess that's my beef with it, mainly I think it is the sameness of the guitar sound on every ALL song that drives me nuts. Sure there are brief forays into jazz time changes on "Educated Idiot", but this is basically candy ass pop music with loud drums and a distortion box (with the exception of "Explorer" which sounds like a BOH JOVI song). They should make a video and a million bucks along with it. —Evan (Cruz Records, P.O. Box 7756, Long Beach, CA 90807)

ALL – ALLROY SAVES LP

Don't expect the usual swift hit of pop mayhem from the latest ALL offering. Missouri's newest residents have slowed down considerably, with mixed results. The material is surprisingly weak from a band once known for their catchy hooks as much as their bratty intensity: both qualities are noticeably absent on ALLROY SAVES. A new attention to melody and Scott Reynold's continued maturation hint at future complexities, but can function as little more than signposts at present. But do they point to a dead end? —Mikki (Cruz Records)

ALL SYSTEMS GONE – CONTRARY TO POPULAR DEMAND 7"

Kinda straight ahead thrash/rock. Sorta a LAWNDALE/DEAD KENNEDYS/VANDALS mix, but the vocals need work. Not bad. Their version of "The Harder They Come" is musically full but misses the mark. —Ethan & Annabelle (System Opposed Records, #001, PO Box 1857, Tustin, CA 92600)

AMENITY – THIS IS OUR STRUGGLE 7"

Great guitars. It's the first time I've heard a guy singing with his mouth full of Salline crackers. Fair use of Dr. Martin Luther King's voice on the title cut. It was my struggle, too – still is. —Ty (Downside/Vinyl Communications, P.O. Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 92012)

BAD RELIGION – AGAINST THE GRAIN LP

This sounds like the last record which sounded like last one which gives them merits for consistency but maybe variety and exploration are things to strive for sometimes too. The variety comes in with the lyrical content which dabbles much of the time in cyber-eco-greenpeace themes. Fairly grandiose and politically correct for the "Against the Grain" claims they make. But all told, and with the grain of punk rock marketing this will sell mega bushels. —Evan (Epitaph Records)

BARNEY LOVE TAPES – 7"

Too clever prank phone calls on pink vinyl. It really is unbelievable how easy it is to get someone to listen to bullshit, as is evidence of these recordings. It is as beautiful as life itself that stuff like this is pressed to vinyl. —Evan (\$3 / Vinyl Communications)

BLACK ANGEL'S DEATH SONG – EVIDENCE 7"

Better than average L.A. College Underground Pop. Poor production/recording. Too New Wave and self absorbed for my tastes. The band has potential for an improved future, though. Cool cover photo and graphics. —Ethan & Annabelle (Freak Scene, 12228 Venice Blvd. #123, LA, CA 90066)

BLATZ – CHEAPER THAN THE BEER EP

BLATZ are those first punks you met as a kid: snotty, raunchy, foulmouthed, losing, always-getting-their-ass-kicked-nymphs, only now they have a band. Raw sounding like GERMS, BULIMIA BANQUET, and early MEAT PUPPETS, and the rough live sound only enhances the overall beauty of this record. "Fuck Shit Up" will hopefully be a new anthem for these complacent times. To see this band live is Godhead, so throw a backyard party, invite these folks to play and have a blatz. —Dave Gomez (Lookout)

BOMB & THE LEGION OF DOOM – DETROIT LP

Grunge-O-Rama! Some of the sloppiest, the ugliest, most offensive to the ear sludge metal I've heard in years. Also contains partial bursts into thrashdom and comes on bloodspattered clear vinyl. —Evan (Depression Records, P.O. Box 219 B.C., MI 49016-0219)

CAN – MONSTER MOVIE/DELAY 1968/SOUNDTRACKS/TAGO MAGO/EGE BAMYASI/FUTURE DAYS CD, C

Why bother with ancient history? This history remains news, bub. Twenty-odd years ago, these Teutonic hippies were taking adventures to places you still haven't been. Two members studied composition under Karl Stockhausen, who was composing ugly symphonies of electronic noise when EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN were in diapers, and while all four musicians had classical chops, they aspired to be like the VELVET UNDERGROUND. So they improvised most of this stuff, right down to the lyrics (these first six include Malcolm Mooney or Domo Suzuki, both experts in stream-of-consciousness). The end result is acid rock that is NOT hippie music, alternately gorgeous and terrifying. All six rate your attention, but those too short of wallet to buy the set are referred to "Monster Movie" for raw minimalism, "Tago Mago" for shock and terror, and "Future Days" for pure beauty. There's also a compilation, "Cannibalism I", that's OK for starters but irritating for its edits of some cuts. All or nothing, I say. —Bob Lee (Resless Retro)

CASUALTY – CHALLENGE EP

Punk rock three piece who thank their "grandma and everyone else who slams, distortion and fungus, brews and guitars." It works, especially on the lead instrumental cut. —Mikki (Do This Records, 578 Bayly Road, New Plymouth, New Zealand)



ALICE DONUT

good but something really bugs me about this, maybe it's the vocals or the recording, I don't know. I do have to admit I enjoyed the cover of G.G. ALLIN's "Cher Love Affair" and the bass player (no liner notes so I don't his name) is really good. —Evan (Cruz Records)

CHRIS AND COSEY – REFLECTION LP

This is a compilation of 8 tracks from 4 older albums by these THROBBING GRISTLE alumni (clowns) that are all being re-released by Wax-Trax, the purveyors of modern day disco. Anyhow, it is truly amazing to witness the chronological digression of C & C on these tracks (reminds me of PSYCHIC TELEVISION's similar journey, maybe it was something they ate). The early stuff, from 81's "Heartbeat" and 82's "Trance" is passable in that there is enough interesting stuff going on in the background to make it worth silling thru the bad drum programs and corny samples. I actually enjoy "Gales of Ancient Cillies", a really slow washy trancelike piece that sounds like the good stuff from C & C's "Elemental 7" LP. The shit of the other two records



THEE HEADCOATS

Rides a Harley, an I.P.R. "Drawing Fire" limited edition EP, and their self titled "100 Flowers" LP. Now the complete 100 FLOWERS catalog is here (remastered and with a few unreleased tracks thrown in) on one CD (28 tracks). You'll never find half the material on this CD again, so buy, Buy, BUY!!! If you don't, you are a humungous POSER/DWEEB and are lame beyond compare! "If SONIC YOUTH Hare Shakespeare, then these trendsetting publicity dodgers (like the RESIDENTS without costumes) are Plutarch." (Pick up the URINALS C.D. while you're at it.) —Ethan & Annabelle (Happy Squid/Rhino Records)

3-D PICNIC – SMACK 7"

Cargo records of Canada was cool enough to start an American branch of operations and even sign some up and coming bands, 3-D PICNIC from LA getting that grace. This seven inch is merely prelude to a full LP out now on Cargo. They are a rock band for sure with just a touch of blues in there and some feedback to make things interesting. "Elvis" is the loudest and most happening cut, the polished sound and background vocals and production of the other two songs were just "there". See them live and decide if Cargo did the right thing. —Tomas (Cargo Records, 5718 Lamas St., San Diego, CA 92122)

555 – AQUABELLE C

John Six jumps from folk rock to ballads to up tempo to strange conversations with the ease it would take to make one break rank and mow down a

My obsession/bad habit, should you care to include it, would have to be: the constant search for cheap beer, which consists almost solely of cheap American beers of which I have made it my duty to sample as many that fall into the \$4.00 or under per 12 pack range as possible. I currently have a can collection of over fifty different brands of cheap beer, all of which I have tried. The worst beer I've ever had? A two way tie for "Fall's City" and "Ralph's Generic Lite Beer". —EVAN

is just bad electronic disco, with no substance and stupid effects - samples that sound like Star Wars laser guns. This is all supposed to be very sexy but maybe I just didn't take enough designer drugs or something. -Evan (Wax Trax)

CHRISTIAN LUNCH - UNRELIABLE SOURCES EP

This is basically a one man project with others (supposedly the not busy background musicians for the EURYTHMICS) contributing to the work. Three songs on side A - it starts with a repetitive dance sound that turns strong and catchy with the oddities of an aggressive noise band and the lures of a good pop band. (I didn't get as devoted to side B). The songs are a few years old - sure you can tell - but it only makes me look forward to hearing any future material. Clean production - Great vocals! -Darby (Alternative Tentacles)



CHRISTIAN LUNCH

very experimental San Francisco band. I've had a tape of this for years, had never even seen the cover before so I am very glad to have this in my hot little hands. Call it space age, guitar fuzzed new wave, garage middle eastern amphetamine disco or just plain psychotic, it's all there. Imagine if the RESIDENTS really rocked and took up guitars with loads of effects and you're close. Sample song titles, "Pygmies in Zee Dark", "Pharaoh Chromium", "Magnetic Dwarf Reptile". Just as relevant and weird today as then. -Evan (Touch & Go)

THE CONNELLS - ONE SIMPLE WORD LP

Unbearable, cloned college rock sound done just like every other band that tried it. 13 wimpy love songs. I can't believe these assholes had the guts to put this out, although it probably will score them a major label deal. The "One Simple Word" is LAME. -Evan (TVT Records, 59 West 19th Street, New York, NY 10011)

CRINGER - KARIN EP

Amazing songs with better production than any of the past CRINGER records. Lance Hahn's inspirational writing style is driving yet simplistic like a STIFF LITTLE FINGER/PLASTIC ONO BAND marriage. The only warning I can give is that these songs are highly catchy and will be in your head for several days - but rather Cringer than some Top-40 song. Can't wait for a new release with the new drummer. -Dave Gomez (Lookout)

DAMNING FLAW - DEMO

This impresses me about as much as most Massachusetts-ian power jangle (BIG DIPPER, DUMPTUCK). That is to say, it sucks, far as I'm concerned, but hey! Those bands sell more records than I do, so whadda I know? -Bob Lee

DANA LYNN - 7" EP

A Hawaiian band rumored to be relocating to San Francisco who play a unique brand of twisted psychedelic/punk. On "Polthead" the vocals remind me of the DEAD MILKMEN. Everything else reminds me of the FLAMING LIPS. I would love to see an album by these guys. Pick this up for something new. -Evan (Dionysus Records, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

DEAD STEEL MILL - 7"

Yet another band from the windy city. An all out assault, directly from the groin. I liked the sick idea of boning Tipper Gore. -Ty (Underground Records, P.O. Box 14182, Chicago IL, 60614)

DEX CROIX - CMJ PRO THINGY 7"

Two long death rock songs "Scary Mary" and "Sister Witch" from a New York gothic band who are really into vocal echoes. The influence and possible worship of the SISTERS OF MERCY is extremely evident. -Evan (Noiseville Records, P.O. Box 124, Yonkers, NY 10710)

DIAZEPAM NIGHTS - CD

Just imagine the worst TEARS FOR FEARS song you can think of twelve times on a CD and you've got the gist of it. This is truly bad poetry put to music, full of forced rhymes and too many syllables. Almost every song is a mushy love stereotype set to sappy piano, but, hey, if that's what you're into.... -Jy (De Sijl Records, 2505 W. 6th st. Ste. 801, L.A., CA 90057)

D.O.D. - WARHOL MACHINE 12"

This is beatbox boredom. Andy's glad he's not here to hear this one. I'm not into House Music, and this is a poor attempt at it anyhow. I think the whole thing is one song, but who knows. After all, we do get the Factory-rap-acidic-video-extended-mix! -Jy (Limo Skull Records, P.O. Box 461657, L.A., CA 90046)

DOBERMAN - ATTACK C

12 songs all done in a slow minimal 70's rock sound that deal with topics usually covered by heavy metal bands. Some of this, especially the song "Hardrockers" is so stupid I think it's got to be a joke but something tells me it's not. If JETHRO TULL and BAD COMPANY still get you off then maybe you need this, I don't. -Evan (Angel Trumpet, P.O. Box 127, Anaheim CA 92805)

DUM DUM BOYS - LET THERE BE NOISE LP

When was the last time you were grounded? If BLACK FLAG's "Rise Above" was the song you went to your room and played, then this album is for you. Slightly more garage-y, and definitely less political, the DUM DUMS will get you angry at your parents all over again. -Mikki (Bondage)

ELECTRIC FERRETS - 7" EP

Garage rock in its finest form. Four songs with production help from JEFF DAHL which probably explains why this sounds so much like his solo band and the ANGRY SAMOANS. All of the songs seem to be a bit faster and raunchier than DAHL's band's stuff. I'm not sure but I think that "Green Slime" is a rock version of the T.V. commercial for the "slime" products of the 70's, pretty funny. -Evan (Dionysus Records)

ELEVEN SHADOWS - C

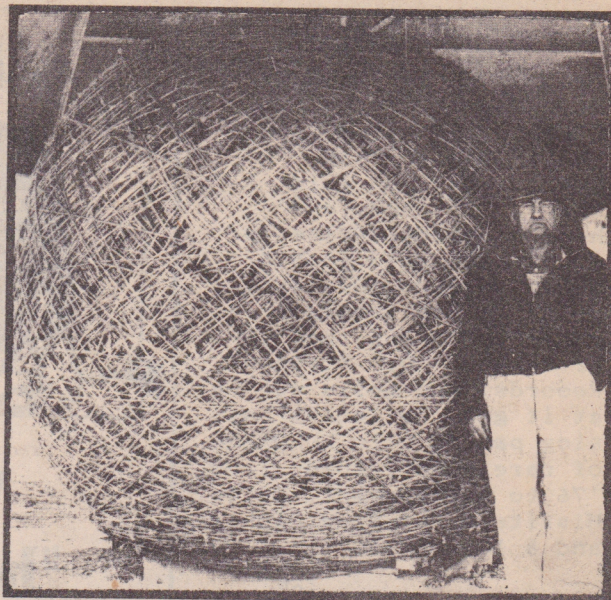
Eight songs to shut your eyes by and let the imagery flow. 4AD fans will die for this keyboard/sampling mixed with depressive rhythms. Kristyn Jaeger has a wide range to her voice and "Salve Regina" sounds very DEAD CAN DANCE/COCTEAUS like. "Heirist Kein Warum (There is No Why)" gives us a taste of electronic damage, where "Exholling in the Temple of Shiva" reaches the realms of the far east. -Jy (P.O. Box 17283, Encino, CA 91416)

ETHYL MEATPLOW - 7"

A sort of erratic, sensual, white boy funk/noise, accompanied by a high-pitched male rap, and deep, almost blues-style, female vocals. ETHYL's big in LA with everyone from the alternative/industrial fans to the gay leather bar crowd. It's a unique sound; one that I enjoy but can't seem very able to describe. One thing I have noticed though is that most either love 'em or hate 'em. Worthwhile for it's distinctive character alone. -Darby (\$5 / P.O. Box 38220, Hollywood, CA 90038)

THE FALL - 458489 CD

THE FALL is the only band I can count on. When nothing seems to work, when I positively can not find ANY record to put on the turntable, THE FALL is always there for me. Tried and true, my saviors - I regret not purchasing every FALL album and single which I do not already own. And though there are probably no songs on this CD unheard of FALL fans (some tracks were released as singles only, and were later added to the CD/C reissue versions of the LPs according to when they were recorded), it's still worthwhile. This collects all of their 45 A sides released in England from 84-89 - hence the title 458489. Most of these songs came from a time in THE FALL's existence when they reached a larger audience with some more accessible-than-usual pop hits (ie: "There's a Ghost in my House", "Victoria"...). I know it's ridiculous for me to review this band - I love them. And if love is blind I don't care. I see nothing here but an assortment of wonderful songs from one of



the most wonderful bands of the past decade. -Darby (Beggars Banquet, 274 Madison Avenue #804, NY, NY 10016)

FISH WIFE - FISH WIFE 7"

Nice royal blue vinyl disc. ZODIAC MINDWARP meets the MEAT PUPPETS. Sorta raw and wet behind the ears. -Ty (Fish Wife, P.O. Box 99916, San Diego, CA 92109)

FU MANCHU - KEPT BETWEEN TREES

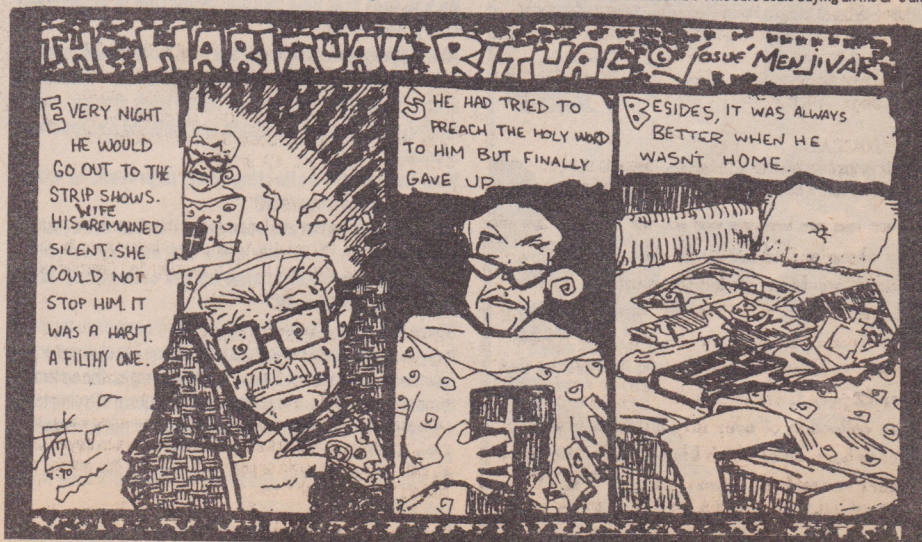
Three slow-core noise tunes that immediately call to mind the MELVINS which is not strange since Slap A Ham did a MELVINS release a while back. "High School Ring" is the choice tune here for its ruling guitar work. The gents who played it are from San Clemente up North-ways. Not a must-have release but definitely a project to see live and watch develop. -Tomás (\$3 / Slap A Ham, P.O. Box 843, SF, CA 94101)

FUEL - LP

What if you look BEEFEATER, FUGAZI, SCREAM, RITES OF SPRING, SOULSIDE, in fact every Dischord Record done in the last five years and put them all in a blender on high? FUEL play powerful melodic emo-core that I first blew off as a FUGAZI rip off but it proved itself over repeated listenings to get better and better. Probably one of the best records I've heard this year and I have a feeling that, as this is their first record, these guys are going to be a big deal pretty quick. -Evan (Rough Trade, 611 Broadway, Ste 311, New York, NY 10012)

GANG GREEN - ANOTHER WASTED NIGHT CD

This seems to be a compilation of most of their later Budwieser fueled skate rock. Real good drunk rock combining sloppy punk/sloppy metal to create 16 noisy tunes. You get their anthems "Alcohol" and "Another Wasted Night" plus two covers of "Voices Carry" and trashy covers of "Crocodile Rock" and "Sweet Home Alabama". This sure beats buying all the EP's and



"Me, I like sex with vegetables, but I nurse this lingering paranoia that someday, some drunken night, I may get a radish between the sheets and discover it's homosexual." -Lester Bangs

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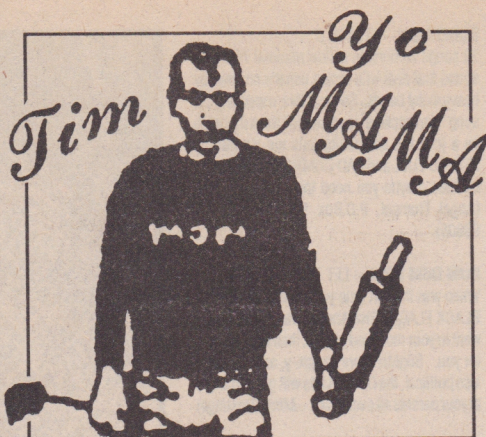
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When record collecting "becomes a finite, definable and perhaps crazed specialty"

Some obsessions reach mythic status. And when the editor-in-chief of Maximum Rock 'N' Roll is involved, the stories can get pretty wild. Rumor has it that Tim Yohannon once took a bootleg tape of a Velvet Underground show, had a single album pressed, then destroyed the tape so that he could have the only one. Convinced we had found a fellow Scorpio (possessive, passionate, and driven), Darby and I conducted a mail interview with the man himself. —Mikki

How long have you been collecting records?

Since 1956, when I first got into rock-n-roll.

How much of your time is occupied by collecting?

A fair amount, especially now that I'm directly involved with working at Epicenter.

What kind of importance do you place on collecting records?

It's fun. I enjoy trading records with people, finding obscure gems, getting packages in the mail, hearing that long-awaited disc from some current band or finding out about some crazed song from long ago.

At what point does it become a "collection"? At what point does it become an "obsession"?

In the 70's I had accumulated several hundred records and that quantity qualified as a "collection".

Do you feel that your record collecting is obsessive? Is it a bad habit?

I then began specializing in just one area, modern punk, at which point it could have been called an obsession. Because of financial restraints, I couldn't just buy all kinds of music, and by limiting myself it becomes a finite, definable and perhaps crazed specialty.

How has record collecting hurt, improved, or otherwise affected your life?

I don't think it's had an effect one way or the other as it's just one small area of my life, a materialistic facet that I allow myself.

Do you have a specific plan for the collection? What guides your choices?

At a certain point I decided I was in a good position to try to put together the ultimate punk collection. Since I've always had my records be accessible to friends and housemates, the collection is more like a library, and I continue on the quest of trying to get a copy of every punk record, good or bad, ever put out anywhere in the world.

Do you set limits for yourself, for example how much you will pay for a record?

No limit. I'll pay a lot for a record I feel I may never get a chance

at again. It's worth what one decides it means to them. I'd prefer to trade records and do get most of my "rarities" that way, but if necessary, I will pay.

What is the most obscure record you have?

Too many to list — rare late 70's European early punk classics, instantly out-of-print Japanese punk.

Have you got a "Holy Grail," a record which you have been searching for a long time?

Yes, the Vomit Pigs EP from Texas.

What record would you want with you if you were stuck on a desert island with a turntable?

Cocksparrer's "Shock Troops" LP.

Do you consider yourself a materialistic person? Do you ever think about how much the records are worth?

Not really. Most of what I do involves community work and is done on a no-pay basis, so this collecting thing is one of the few materialistic outlets I allow myself. And even that is not just for

myself, hoarding away pieces of expensive vinyl that I'm afraid to have others play or play myself. It is a library and people come over all the time to play things, pick records for MRR radio or to tape for themselves.

If there was a fire, and the records were all gone — what would you do? Would you start all over again?
No. That would be that. Too many irreplaceable slabs.

There is a mathematical concept called "prime numbers", unique numbers which are not products of other numbers but only of themselves — they cannot be divided into component parts, but they can themselves multiply and produce. Do you think that there is a musical equivalent to this phenomenon? What records would you consider "prime"?

Too many to list. There are tons of "archetypes" in punk, classic breakthroughs, especially in '77 (SLF, Undertones, etc.) and again in '78-'79 (Bad Brains, Middle Class, SS) and the early HC classics (Zero Boys, Discharge, Black Flag). There are a few though.

Do you have a reverence for their physical characteristics (i.e. the covers or the liner notes) or are they of value to you solely for the sound?

I love record jackets that reflect the music, too. Covers that are as basic and raw as the music itself.

How much time do you spend putting green duct tape around the edges of all your albums and singles? Do you spend a lot of money on tape? Do you allow other people to participate in the ritual?

It's not a ritual, just a trip I got into long ago and continue 'cause I like the look of it.

Why do you do it (the taping)?

I love to see other collectors cringe as I "destroy the value" of the record. I also make my own covers for records that don't have sleeves or have sleeves that I don't like.

Are you worried about vinyl being phased out? We've noticed that MRR doesn't accept CDs for review — is that a political statement?

I do love the vinyl format, especially the 7" records. Maybe it's because that's what I was brought up on, or because I think most bands are incapable of putting out a great LP. I find tapes and CDs to be soulless. CDs for punk music seems dumb, at least the kind of punk that I like which is more about the emotional attack than the proficiency of playing and expensive production techniques.

What's your sign?

Guess.

"The formation of right habits is essential to your permanent security." —John Tyndall

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singles you would have to buy to get all these songs. —Evan (Taang Records, P.O. Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166)

GARBLECRAT — 8" EP

True Anarcho-punk here on the second single release for GARBLECRAT (insightful name). Some songs are fast, some are not, all break the rules or talk about going against the system. This is the essence of do-it-yourself with a sense of humor. There's a likeable spirit about this record and most songs have something wise to muse over; subjects such as corporate medicine, our throw-away society and Shell Oil's investments in racism. All paper and plastic used to produce the record are recycled. Effort worth supporting. —Tomás (Permutation Disaffect Collective, P.O. Box 8620, Long Beach, CA 90808)

GARLIC BOYS — 4 song 7" EP

Now I've heard it all, Japanese Funny-Speedcore. It's fast, it's furious and it's in Japanese so you'll never understand the words. "Yokozuna" is about sumo wrestling and check out this song title "Way of the Fat Boy", I guess it's about eating. Limited, numbered edition worth it for the sheer novelty. —Evan (Public Bath Records, P.O. Box 2134, Madison, WI 53701)

GIRL TROUBLE — STOMP AND SHOUT AND WORK IT ON OUT EP

This is only one of about a half-dozen releases from GIRL TROUBLE this season, and like the other couple I've yet heard ("Thrillsphere" LP on Pop Llama, and "Cleopatra and the Slaves" 7" EP on Wig Out) this one smokes! If you've ever heard the TROUBLE before (picked up one of their several singles or caught their debut LP, "Hit It or Quit It") then you already know what a treat this band is. Drummer Bon von Wheely lays down the sexiest beat around, while the Big Kahuna chums out the most mondo surf-grunge-woodoo-twang with his Mosrite, and Dale nails the solid bass thud. Over it all, Kurt (K.P.) Kendall paints a big sneering persona with his baritone voice and dirty sax. "Stomp & Shout" is the band's self-proclaimed roots record. The disc contains six covers of their favorites of Northwest rock pioneers: bands like the SONICS, WAILERS, ... If you're a fan already, this is a great chance to get some of the bands best live standards; if you have yet to hear a note, "Thrillsphere" may be a more satisfying introduction. "Stomp & Shout" is a great record, it's simply a greater treasure for the already initiated. GIRL TROUBLE doesn't tour much, but they are truly one of the best live bands. If you ever find yourself in the Seattle-Tacoma area, make it a point to seek out a GIRL TROUBLE show — guaranteed to be one of the better shows you'll ever catch! —Alan (Dionysus Records)

GOD'S ACRE — TEN GOSPEL GREATS LP

GOD'S ACRE marks the second departure (WRECK being the first) of WAX TRAX records away from being strictly an industrial dance music label and a wise choice they made with these local Chicago gents. The sound: noisy or, if you prefer, grungy guitars, heavy chords and emotionally waillilled vocals which are the main attraction. Bass chords seem to begin most songs and provide the direction. I had high expectations when I heard that a full LP was coming out, having gone nuts over their songs on the 7" compilations "Teriyaki Asthma vol. 4" and "Noise From Nowhere vol 5". Those songs "Wood" and "No One Else" respectively are also on "Ten Gospel Greats" and unfortunately the rest of the record doesn't really live up to the intensity of those songs. There are other exceptional tunes like "Want" and "Twelve Stories Face First" but "Riff o Rhama" and "Hot Mama" are as tired as their names. Overall the LP's a cool peek into one of the noise scene's finest groups which has room for growth and plenty of talent to back them up. —Tomás (Wax Trax)

HARLINGTON A.D. — DEMO

Fans of abnormal vocalness are served notice of Bruce Merkle. This fellow emulates DONOVAN, PERE UBU'S David Thomas, and Satan in adjoining breaths. The band over which he breathes is no less extreme, occasionally resembling a very stoned NOMEANSNO. Really loud and really weird; if loud weirdness is your manna, eat hearty. —Bob Lee (1401 T Street NW, Washington D.C., 20009)

HELLCATS FROM OUTER SPACE — THE POSSESSION OF DR. SMITH 7"

This Boston trio has their roots in previous punk bands such as JERRY'S KIDS and STRAW DOGS but have changed direction on this garage-grunge 4 song ep. The sound is reminiscent of what is currently going on in the Pacific Northwest with Estrus label bands like THE FALLOUTS and GAS HUFFER: a rock sound one generation removed from psychobilly and sharing similarities to sixties garage punk. These four tunes swing and all contain a space-oriented theme: "High On Venus", "Crusin' Round The Galaxy". Don't get them confused with TAV FALCO's pals THE HELLCATS from down south. —Tomás (Classy Records, c/o J. Masters, P.O. Box 1149, Melrose, MA 02176)

HESTER PRYME — DOUBLE 7" EP

This package consists of two singles, each with four songs, which were recorded nearly two years apart. The older songs (done in '87) are shorter, faster and pushing speed metal sounds. The newer songs were produced by two members of ALL and are a bit slower with more diversity and 70's rock type vocal harmonies, not unlike CELEBRITY SKIN. Overall, I think the music is swell but the lyrics are sort of weak or maybe I just expect too much. WINTER ISSUE #11 • 1990-1991

—Evan (Flush Records, P.O. Box 1050, Richmond, CA 94802)

HOLE — RETARD GIRL 7"

Upon the first listen of "Retard Girl" (on XLU) I thought the band was L7 — of course not being a dedicated follower of either group I guess I'm unable to distinguish the probably obvious dissimilarities. Similar to L7 though, HOLE utilize coarse and sometimes annoying female vocals and wall them over a basic grungy Hollywood-style rock and roll sound. On virgin white vinyl. —Darby (Sympathy for the Record Industry, 4901 Virginia Ave, Long Beach, CA 90805)

INSTED — WHAT WE BELIEVE

Straight-edge hardcore music by Orange County's INSTED, second full length LP following last year's "We'll Make The Difference" 7" and previous "Bonds of Friendship" LP. Not much has changed this time around from a band who I'm not sure, amidst rumors, if they are delusional or not. What this record has: a positive message directed at today's youth, 12 hardcore tunes — a few with "mosh" parts and clean production courtesy of Brett Religion. What this record doesn't have: a lyrical dichotomy of good and bad, pain and pleasure or any sort of contrast to their overly optimistic view of life; a basic change of song structure, drum tempo or melodic progression and finally, believability — the concepts dealt with on this record, with the exception of an interesting song about factory farming ("Maybe Tomorrow"), are so nebulous that the ideas aren't graspable. Not very memorable to me but perhaps to the true "X" fan, a treat. —Tomás (Epitaph)

JASMINE SUNRISE — TEACH THIS MONSTER C

60's psychedelic Hendrix influenced rock and hear-this reggae. JASMINE SUNRISE is eclipsed by the prelude of its lack of substance. Hey guys, in the future, leave this kind of stuff to Lenny (Mr. Bonel) Kravitz. —Ty (Riot Now Sounds, Russell Ave, Hollywood CA 90027)

KILL CITY — 7"

Boring three chord rock n' roll with predictable lyrics and a stupid sleeve. The best thing about it is the yellow blood splattered vinyl. All three songs sound exactly the same except "Cancer of the Mind" picks up the tempo a little. Pass the one by. —Jvy (Dionysus Records)

KILLDOZER — FOR LADIES ONLY LP

For some reason many people can't seem to make it through a whole KILLDOZER set, and for the first time you can really feel that transfer to vinyl. This is possibly the most disturbing collection of cover songs you may ever hear. Heavy, like you're carrying the bass and drums on your shoulders — and tortuous, like the guitar is the sound of your weighted knuckles scraping along the cement. Just a few of the oldies you'd miss out on if you didn't buy this: "Burning Love", "American Pie", "One Tin Soldier". I just can't listen to this like I love to listen to my other KILLDOZER albums. Actually I just can't listen to this. It's one of those classics though regardless (try to get the picture disc). —Darby (Touch & Go)

LANCE KAUFMAN — 7"

"Peaceful Amazon Village" is a weird narrated piece with lounge like music and assorted obnoxious scratching noises appearing periodically, forcing you to check your needle for dust or some other failure until you get the joke. "They Dug Up Elvis" is a screaming nightmare about The King which sounds like KILLDOZER on a bad trip playing a CRAMP'S song backwards with screaming saxophone accompaniment. —Evan (Dionysus Records)

LARD — LAST TEMPTATION OF REID LP

This is the best BIAFRA effort in a while with his lyrics being as cutting as the "Fresh Fruit" era of the DEAD KENNEDYS. "Pineapple Face" is a very Zappaesque piece and "Can God Fill Teeth" also has that ZAPPA/BIAFRA charm. But what the album lacks is simplicity. The songs get lost in the monotonous industrial hardcore sludge that sounds like it came from a computer's interpretation of punk rock. This is something you should get for the lyrics alone and hopefully LARD will put a little more humanistic approach to music in further releases. —Dave Gomez (Alternative Tentacles)

LAUGHING HYENAS — LIFE OF CRIME LP

Standard Touch-n-Go fare with plenty of bluesy grunge to punch out your

old lady to. The vocals have the "too much whiskey lonile" screech of KILLDOZER which combines well with the medium tempo slop not unlike other label mates the JESUS LIZARD. You know by now if you would like this or not. I do. —Evan (Touch & Go)

LIBIDO BOYZ — CHILDHOOD MEMORIES 7"



Laughing Hyenas

Two studio cuts and one live one on red vinyl which is best described as melodic hardcore. "Childhood Memories" is an interesting song about the woes of child abuse. The other two make them sound like SNFU babbling in thrash. —Evan (Red Decibel Records, 2541 Nicollet Ave. South Minneapolis, MN 55404)

LOVE DOLLS — LOVE ONE ANOTHER LP

GO-GO-esque vocals set to the upbeat rhythms and faint garage residue of THAT PETROL EMOTION could make for a pleasant, if stylistically timid, listen. But the banal lyrics and passionless delivery ensure that nothing memorable is said. —Mikki (Buy Our Records Inc., P.O. Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088)

MALT HORSE DRUDGE — C

By the name of the band, I was expecting something slower than the MELVINS, but I was oh so wrong! These guys are a cross between NOMEANSNO and PRIMUS, with tricky time changes and slappy bass. "The Golden Voyage of Ironhorse" is a funky instrumental that really wins my vote, "Sadie" is groovy also. Oh yeah, and bonus points for the cat-chow framing the band photo. —Jvy (1234 47th Ave. #8, Oakland, CA 94601)

MANSON YOUTH — EATEN ALIVE BY RATS

Dr. Strange records from Alla Loma, CA has made available this posthumous release recorded in 1984 by LA county punkers MANSON YOUTH. I had some wonderful reminiscing of my punk prime years with this masterpiece. I'm not saying that it's the greatest recording, but pretty good for a small project at that time. It's four songs on gold vinyl including "Let's Call It A Day" and "Dog Rider". It captures the sound, attitude and energy of that particular period of hardcore. Recommended reissue. —Tomás (Dr. Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alla Loma, CA 91701)

MEAT PUPPETS — NO STRINGS ATTACHED LP

This is the of "Greatest-Hit-on-the-Indie-Label-Before-We-Release-Our-Precious-First-Major-Label-Record" deal here. The album goes through their "hits" by chronological order which means the disk is just like their career: starts off strong then ends flat. This album is great for people who were either on a deserted island or listen to AM radio all of their lives and never heard of the MEAT PUPPETS. Otherwise if you're a "core" MEAT PUPPETS fan, make your own "Greatest Hits" out of your own PUPPETS

ADDRESSES FOR DEMOS REVIEWED (PG 38)

SAD REALITY, 7 Whippermill Lane Westport, CT 06880

PRESSUREHEAD, PO Box 38220, Hollywood, CA 90038-9220

DEAD EDS, 18635 Fairweather Santa Clarita 91357

CRONICLE DISTURBANCE c/o A Butcher, 21 Rue De Petite Chenais, 25200 Montbéliard France

ULTRAVIOLET EYE, 12130 Mitchell Ave., LA, CA 90066

MIKE HERSH, PO Box 362, Herndon, Virginia 22070

PMS, 781 Embarcadero Del Norte #19, Isla Vista, CA 93117

PARAMENTALS, PO Box 341639, LA, CA 90034

FX DEFECTIVE, PO Box 9663, Fountain Valley, CA 92708

SCARLET DROPS, Box 15983, Merivale Depot, Nepean, Ontario K2C 3S8 Canada

records and skip this. —*Ethan & Annabelle* (SST, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260)

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES — **DEVIL'S NIGHT OUT LP**
Quite an interesting concept here; Thrash-metal-ska with very gruff vocals and a horn section. What you get is 12 songs dabbling in all of the above mentioned categories but mainly staying in the Ska zone. Despite how corny this might sound this is pretty damn good and there are plenty of references to drinking throughout. Fun stuff. —*Evan* (Taang Records)

MORE LOVE NOW — **LOOKING FOR MY NOISE LP**
Sparkling green vinyl containing six songs alternately written and sung by frontmen John Burns and Ken Bewick. **MORE LOVE NOW** doesn't so much merge various college radio sweethearts (THE RIEVERS, COWBOY JUNKIES, THIS GREAT RELIGION) as it exposes their sameness. The "my noise" aspect would seem to stem from the occasional cow bell or tin whistle, but falls prey to the same yuppie sensibility which colors the whole. —*Mikki* (Antique Table Records, P.O. Box 2462, Palos Verdes Peninsula, CA 90274)

NAKED RAYGUN — **RAYGUN...NAKED RAYGUN LP**
Back again with a slightly new line-up and definitely not up to par. I've liked nearly everything they've done but this record drags and becomes a bore quickly. Don't buy this — buy one of their previous releases. But it is a must that you check out the pathetic cover art. What the hell were they thinking? —*Evan* (Caroline Records)

NEANDERTHAL — **FIGHTING MUSIC 7"**
Imagine the worst voices screaming at the top of their lungs accompanied by some of the most brutal music this side of SWANS and CARCASS and you've got the picture. Five songs about pain, death and other sick topics. —*Evan* (Slap-A-Ham Records)

NO MAN — **WHAMON EXPRESS LP**
Tracking ROGER MILLER's famed fuzz-guitar work alongside some avant-percussion and filtering in some samples ought, even if it's not intended, to please everyone a little, from the MISSION OF BURMA nostalgians to the cognoscenti who compare Miller's later work with JOHN CAGE. But these uneasy, uneven songs struggle forth from the vinyl with little purpose or effect. Miller has a strange inability to produce meaning, or even meaningful distortions, from the sounds he controls and juxtaposes. Execution and pedigree aren't enough if musical values are either lacking or ill-conceived. —*Mikki* (SST)

NORTHWINDS — **SLEEP WITH EVIL LP**
Heavy fuckin' metal from New Jersey, bro. Song titles include; "Book of Shadows", "Dancing in the Morgue" and "Beyond the Grave". Unbelievably bad speed metal complete with operatic vocal squealing and a generic mosh song which deals with the topic of "killing glam taggot posers". —*Evan* (Black & Blue, #152, 40000 Pulnam Pike, Smithfield, Rhode Island 02977)

OFFSPRING — **THE OFFSPRING EP**
This O.C. band reeks of their influences. Each song sounds like a different band such as BAD RELIGION, MISFITS, DEAD KENNEDYS and especially early TSOL. The singer even sounds a lot like Jack. I like them the best when they sound like the OFFSPRING though. Strong melodic punk with their best song being by far "Tehran" as the songs lyrics strongly parallel the situation in the Middle East right now. Highly inspirational, let's just hope some of us won't be singing OFFSPRING songs in a trench in the Middle East. —*Dave Gomez* (Nemesis)

OLIVELAND — **THE CAT'S MEOW/MOM'S FARM 7"**
The second single by this Orange County band featuring well known skateboard photographer O on guitar. Heavy grunge rock, very much in the SUBPOP vein, sounding closest to MUDHONEY I suppose, if I'm pressed for a comparison. Both songs are great and at the end of side B is a surprise guitar ditty that works on either speed and sounds like it was lifted right out of a SAVAGE REPUBLIC jam. —*Evan* (Nemesis)

ONCE AND FOR ALL — **THINKING MANS WORLD 7" LP**
OC straight edge with all the predictable clichés that guarantee that a million boys in sweatshirts, ball caps and high tops will buy this, except that this time the hardcore chants are given a healthy dose of funk. Much to my surprise these guys can really play and this is quite listenable if you can ignore the lyrics (trust me, you've heard them before). Five songs on clear vinyl including a throwaway cover of the old standard "War". —*Evan* (Nemesis)

ORIGINAL DISEASE — **RATS EAT RABBITS GRUB C**
Not sure why, but these Frenchies get under my skin like few of these late-post-punks do. Whiplash riffs and lyrical observations like "The eighties were a drag/revivals in doggie bags/your heroes in your parents' mags/forget them and don't look back." Folks less jaded than I will fall to their knees, no doubt. —*Bob Lee* (Francois Bouthiaux, 26 Rue Megeuard, 2500 Besancon, France)

PEGBOY — **THREE CHORD MONTE EP**
From Chicago and containing members of NAKED RAYGUN, PEGBOY's four song debut EP on the Touch & Go distributed label 1/4 Stick is one of the strongest releases of 1990. With the help of noted producer Iain Burgess (MEGA CITY FOUR, TAR etc.), PEGBOY waste no time in presenting their highly melodic and not over-done punk sound. Many bands take several records to "find" their style but this group's experience seems to have set their foundation up firmly enough to make "Three Chord Monte" a flawless effort. A full lp is much anticipated, but for now songs like "Method" and "Through My Fingers" will saliate. "Through..." also has some interesting lyrics which could be personal or perhaps environmental: "Last night when

I saw you, got the feeling that I lost you, it's not fair what we dumped on you, things I never wanted to, all the green had withered on you, it's not fair what we burnt on you..." Don't miss this one. —*Tomas* (1/4 Stick / Touch & Go)

POETRY GRENADE — ROCKET LP

Lyricist Paul Dickinson veers from precious imagery to new agemeta-babble with lines like "I am the sea monkey, nobody waves my flag. I'm last week's talk as today's answer. I am the groove monster but nobody has my photo." Poetry Grenade's thin web of faded vox, jangled guitar, and subdued rhythms can neither whet nor justify the consistent

self-indulgence of his writing. —*Mikki* (Sonic Boom, P.O. Box 50014, St. Paul MN 55105)

THE POOH STICKS — **FORMULA ONE GENERATION LP**
Just when I'd thought I was invulnerable to wistful guitar pop, THIS. I'm too blissed out to even talk about it. Fuck. —*Bob Lee* (S.F.R.I.)

REBEL REBEL — **FUCK THE WORLD 7"**
Two versions of the same stupid song from these SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK wannabees. Honorable mention for groovy death rock photos and an almost sure bet to win the worst drum machine of 1990 contest. —*Evan* (\$1 / 7510 Sunset Blvd. #174, Hollywood CA 90046)

SEKIRI — **SEKIRI** (pronounced like "Shecky D.")
An interesting 1988 single from a four woman group from Kyoto, Japan formed in 1983 when all the members were 13 years old. Sekiri means "Dysentery" and they've put several singles and a CD out over the years. Pretty cheap, simple recording, but very clean (Japanese home recording technology?). The songs are quite charming: an early 80's punky feel with cute female vocals. No metal damage! The lyrics for "Doro Doro" ("Scuzz") are "she's dirty, she's strange. Everybody hates her (or is it a strange way of making love?). Other titles are "Fuck Shiyuu" ("Let's Fuck...Baby, The pink of pink movies, the blue of blue movies", "Suima" ("Drowsiness"), and my fave "Kusuri-Tengoku" ("Medication Heaven"): early DELTA 5 English-punk sound. Sexy vocals sung in Japanese: "Is it a miracle drug, or a drug for dreaming, or a dream about drugs?" One of a series of Japanese singles released on Public Bath. Great stuff! —*Ethan* (Public Bath)

SENATOR FLUX — **THE CRIMINAL SPECIAL CD**
Poorly played and rather sappy music. I imagine the lyrics (sung and spoken) are suppose to be poetic, but instead I find them an unsettling distraction. Lots of XTC, BEATLES, psychedelia, and even a TURTLES influence (these guys probably love the POSIES [who probably love REO SPEEDWAGON]). My friend asks, "Why would you ever cover a BEATLES song verbatim?" I don't know. Though I was too put off to read it, the full color 14 page cartoon booklet is possibly the most interesting portion of this package. —*Darby* (Emergo/ Roadrunner Records, 225 Lafayette St. #709, NY, NY 10012)

SEWER TROUT — **FLAWLESS 10"**
Whipsnail packaging on this 1200 limited edition 10". What we got here is jangly pop-punk with silly lyrics that were quite refreshing after the new BAD RELIGION record. Sorry David, limited editions don't seem to sit well with a magazine that only comes out whenever — of course you should still keep 'em coming. —*Josh "the Evan" Fenton* (Very Small Records)

SOCKEYE — **COPROPHAGIA 7"**
What happens when you write lame songs, can't play your instruments and your band is bored as shit of life in your small home town? You pack as many inane songs on one 7" as possible and go around getting reviews in small unknowing rags like this one. You call yourself Dave from Slow, Ohio who everyone in the fanzine/punk underground sees or writes to at some point. Dave and his band of miscreants are found here raving again on a four track in someone's barn for the fuck of life, preserved on wax. Songs called "Cervix", "Maureen" and "Coalminer", destined to make LISA SUCKDOG look professional. From the stark-raving naked outback of Middle-America, a middle finger is raised. Bravo, Dave. —*Tomas* (Wheelchair Full of Old Men)

SODA CAN — **POWERTOOL LP**
I'll bet New Jersey's SODA CAN are a kickass live band, but this recording fails to motivate. They offer tight, fast, wired white funk, closer to the MINUTEMEN than the CHILI PEPPERS, flawlessly played, but falling short in the UGH! quotient. Once they learn intensely, I'll be sold. —*Bob Lee* (Forefront Records, 280 Fairmount Ave., Chatham, NJ 07928)

SONIC YOUTH — **FOUR TUNNA BRIX EP**
SONIC YOUTH acknowledge their large debt to THE FALL, buggering through Mark E. Smith's "Psychomafia", "My New House", and "Rowche Rumble", even re-covering THE KINKS' "Victoria". Not ground breaking, as we're all used to those funny tunings by now, but containing way more juice than the new thing. Postpunk nostalgia, yow! —*Bob Lee* (Goolfin Records)

STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT — **RUBBERNOSE EP C**
Basic KROQ college radio rock ala SIMPLE MINDS or LET'S ACTIVE. Nice, pretty and played well. —*Evan* (Chrome Gods Records)

STEEL POLE BATHTUB — **LURCH EP**
What do you make of a band whose first record featured Marsha Brady on the front cover, sounded like a cross between offshore drilling (without water) and punk rock, and was laced with wierd Brady Bunch lines throughout? While I was trying to figure this out, up sneaks STEEL POLE BATHTUB with a new record, the EP "Lurch". If you've heard the first record and thought these guys oughta lay off the acid and quit dubbing tons of feedback into the mix, then you'd better stay about three miles away from "Lurch". If anything, the loud little fuckers are making even more of a racket! If you've never heard them before, LURCH is a good place to start. The new STEEL POLE disk is certainly more interesting than most "fresh" music I hear, and although comparisons are inevitable the lubsters squeezed out their own sound here. That alone is almost a reason to buy their record, even if you hate 'em. Saw them live at Leclisium before the Culver City Police Department dissolved it and can say in my opinion that these guys melt down their records live. Come to "Lurch" for the acid feedback, see 'em live for the meal. Stop worrying about Marsha, it's Bobby they're after, Bobby. —*Dodge Dart* (Boner Records)

TAR — **ROUNDHOUSE LP**
The full LP thing from the Chicago quartet is everything you want out of a melodic noise band. Their sparse single "Flow Plow" b/w "Hand" was a taste of the great things on this record. So great, that it caused me to see three of their four shows in LA in November, buy the T-shirt etc. "ROUNDHOUSE" has the layered guitar effect and crisp Iain Burgess production and every tune is memorable in its own way. "Jurbo" is one of the longer tracks on the record which, rather than becoming bland, starts fast and builds in intensity. "Les Paul Worries" and "Glass Grief" are fully satisfying, harmonic trips through the double guitar cold Chicago mind of TAR. The name is stripped down to three letters, the music is straightforward; the whole feel is one of sheet metal. Again, one of the best of 1990. —*Tomas* (Amphetamine Reptile)

Typos, Errors & Brainlessness

CORRECTIONS FROM BEN IS DEAD #10:

The band SAMIAM does not include a member of OPERATION IVY, but one from ISOCRACY (this was Darby's not Mikki's fault). Other members of Isocracy have joined FILTH and GREENDAY.

The song mentioned in the live review of the WEIRDOS is called "Helium Bar", not "Helium Bomb" (this was Mikki's fault).

Photos: The BLOOD OFFUS photos were taken by Don Lewis.

TIT WRENCH - GO BACK TO EUROPE 7" EP

Crazy hyper drum machine thrash with heavy distortion on the vocals. Loads of trippy samples of voices mixed in. Comes with a big fold out of info and is on purple wax to boot. Sounds like a 33 RPM LUBRICATED GOAT record on 45. Totally berserk. -Evan (Vinyl Communications)

THEE HEADCOATS - HEAVENS TO MURGATROYD, EVEN! IT'S THEE HEADCOATS! (ALREADY) LP

Alright. For anyone who doesn't know, this is Billy Childish's latest band (following POP RIVETS, MILKSHAKES, THEE MIGHTY CAESARS, etc.). For anybody who doesn't know who Childish is, he's a bit of an underground hero whose recorded some of the best, trashy, low-concept, roots-oriented R & B of the punk/post-punk era. "Heavens" is already THEE HEADCOATS 3rd or 4th LP (check out "John Lennon's Corpse Revisited" on Crypt Records), but it is Childish's 46th! Childish's music is simple, unpretentious, and in the same vein of cool as cartoonist Daniel Clowes who provided the cover art. Don't let the fact that this latest release is on Sub Pop fool you: Thee Headcoats are *not* a hair-waggin' band and they don't weave, ooze, drool or otherwise produce any kind of sonic miasmic sludge ala MUDHONEY, etc. THEE HEADCOATS sound more like a proto-punk outfit of the British Beat-era who were 86'd from the Cavern Club for playing music that was too gruff. Although many would argue, Childish is *not* God. He's a cult hero, but he's of human proportions. He's kind of a sexist, he's definitely working class, he's extremely prolific, and he appears entirely unimpressed with the whole affair. At base, Childish's music is a folk music (that's *lo/k* with a little "f"). His music exists first as expression; it is almost coincidental that it also exists as a commodity. -Alan (Sub Pop)

TRASH CAN SCHOOL - 7" EP

Three medium tempo punk songs, heavy on guitar and saxophone riffs. Sort of has a 70's punk feel to it and yes, it's on colored vinyl (yellow). "Satan's Favorite Groupie" wins for both best song and best song title on the disc. -Evan (Dionysus Records)

TRESPASSERS W - DUMMY 2/ POTEMKIN/ MACHT KAPUTT LPs

TW fall into the category of progressive Europeans, being possessed of awesome skill as musicians and songwriters, and the ability to run in unplein directions at once. On first listen, one pal asked, "Where did you get such a weird compilation?" Courageous listeners will be happy to be confused, tho, for where your average art rock paints baroque tapestries under your head, TW aim to shake a few fillings loose. Shifting gears as quickly as they do, it's hard to point to a main influence, buy you'll catch snatches of early XTC, THE FALL, KING CRIMSON, ZAPPA, BELA BARTOK, THE BUTT HOLE SURFERS, and the KINKS buried in the jumbalaya. Heavily accented lyrics are sung/spoken, sometimes approaching political commentary but always avoiding Bialran preachiness. Real impressive - best new band I've heard all year. -Bob Lee (Javasiirael 27a, 2585 AC Den Haag, Netherlands.)

WALLMEN - NEMLLAW: YOU ARE THE WALLMEN TODAY C

Discombobulated, kinda like playing pick-up sticks with your butt cheeks. How does that grab ya? Strange, whacked, twisted and also, a fine piece to savor. I really enjoyed the cover of the "Doogie Hauser" theme or something on the end of side one. Gave me something to do while cleaning Oreos out of my braces. Recommended. -Ty (7711 Lisa Lane, N. Syracuse, NY 13212)

THE WARNERS - HIT AND RUN LP

I hate listening to a band from halfway around the world when every song sounds so fucking recycled that writing something "original" in response seems hopeless. I wonder, if I had grown up in New Zealand, if these guys would be my heroes. I start to worry that I'm part of a vicious cycle and my support of music I believe in somehow contributes to the growing banality which characterizes our submissions. The record ends, and I am relieved. The words have come, limp, inadequate, and linged with guilt: "The WARNERS are overwhelmed rather than informed by their influences; they have produced not so much a tribute to the VIOLENT FEMMES or a re-working of the INCA BABIES as much as simply more of the same. Not bad..." But not really good, either. -Mikki (Ima Hiit Records, P.O. Box 407, New Plymouth, New Zealand).

WEIRDOS - CONDOR LP

With a sampling of songs from 1980-1989, CONDOR fills in the gap between the WEIRDOS demise and their recent reformation. Though several lineups are presented, the sound works best when the pulse-pure constructions of Dix Denney's guitar path are anchored by Nicky Alexander and Cliff Roman. However, the musical values rarely approach the power of their live sets (see BID #10), and ultimately it's John Denney's lyrics which shape the album. Denney is able to document confusion without confusing us: fearful images of technological evils, social and environmental destruction, are presented not as evidence of doom, but as issues to be confronted. Rebellion redefined: "I haven't got an answer, but I've sure got a cause." -Mikki (Frontier Records)

WENDEL DOESN'T MIND - CD

This is the first release from this L.A. duo. Those of you who enjoyed JAD Sex that grows darker and darker - becomes an act of vengeance, rather than love. -Laura Palmer

FAIR, DANIEL JOHNSTON and other absurdities will like this. It consists of guitar and bass with monotone vocals. Songs like "Love" and "I am Waiting" take the cake. And, hey, it's free! Just tell them whether you want a cassette, CD or record and you too can have this gem at no cost!! -Ivy (8306 Wilshire Blvd. #983, L.A., CA 90211)

WINKY DOG - C

A compilation of 13 bands that you've never heard of doing one song a piece. Everything from folk ballads about clean needles to industrial psychedelia. Most of the recording is fairly primitive but in this case it only adds more character. The NOTHING PAINTED BLUE and HALO songs are great. In fact the whole thing is fucking deal for \$2.00pp. -Evan (\$2 / Shrimper Tapes, P.O. Box 1837, Upland, CA 91785 - checks payable to J. Coppola)

XORCIST - FROM THE HIP C

XORCIST was cruelly, if not errantly, reviewed earlier by a non-dancing, unknowing...crelin. Yea, you get my drift. But these cuts really kick. It's six cuts of truly intense dance/cyber-punk that Peter Stone has cleverly put together. I do dance and did dance to this straight ahead demo. SO BIG and UNGDSOB are stand outs. Great cover, Pete. Can I have the phone numbers of those babes? Recommended. -TY (Call Peter Stone, days, at 1-818-891-8998)

COMPILATIONS/SPLITS

CELEBRATE THE SONIC ARTS LP

A compilation from New Zealand which ranges from death rockabilly to a funk-punk outfit with Hendrix stylings called PIECES OF COD to ONAWETA's "Persecutor Baby," which features aggressive female vocals against a bass oriented groove. THE WARNERS cut is light years better than any on their album: go figure. Some of the bands are now defunct, but addresses and discography are given for all. Recommended. -Mikki (Ima Hiit Records, P.O. Box 407, New Plymouth, New Zealand)

CITY OF L.A. - LIMITED ED. LP

If one of your dreams in life was to hear SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE, not only be on the same comp as Motorcycle Boy, but sing about Death Ride '69... Or to hear BAD RELIGION sing a song called "Operation Rescue" with CIRCLE JERK Keith Morris... Oooortt to hear an ecstasy inspired ANUS THE MENUS sing "It's such a beautiful day in the neighborhood" This is the comp for you. Other standouts are easily TRASH CAN SCHOOL and the great but departed PAPER TULIPS. It's all a mix between the Hollywood grunge rock and the alternative punk and noise. Honestly, this is a well collected mix of what is happening in the clubs of LA right now - unfortunately the B side of this LP is silk-screened, therefore you only get the sounds of ten bands which isn't really enough. I think it's already sold out but you may find it in stores. -Darty (Flipside Records)

A COLLECTION OF INTROSPECTIVE SOUNDSCAPES - CD

This is a nine band compilation - To name a few: LYCIA have two songs on this, both slow moving (keeping in form with the rest of the CD), with a heavy drum machine. Actually this band sounds as if their sole goal is to play just like the COCTEAU TWINS. POPOL VUH, from Norway, takes the romantic aspect of both the COCTEAU TWINS and VIRGINIA ASTLEY and makes the mistake of entangling it with a tamborine and 70's guitar. The second of their two songs, having an Israeli sound, is not momentous but simply more interesting. ATTRITION (sorry about all these unavoidable comparisons) is a weak and somewhat dull imitation of THIS MORTAL COIL, especially the vocals. Other appearing groups are: SKINNER BOX (whose song "Isola" was pretty), AREA, VICKI RICHARDS, SLAP, BLACK TAPE FOR A BLUE GIRL, and STEVE ROACH. If 4AD music gets you going this may be right up your alley. Then again, if you like 4AD music this might represent to you just a poor mimicry of those bands. -Darty (Projekt Records, Box 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591)

CRINGER/HOPEFUL MONSTERS - SPLIT EP

Nifty little package, two bands, four songs and a thirty-two page booklet of art, photos, essays and stories. The HOPEFUL MONSTERS songs are metal/punk in the DISCHARGE tradition with the best screaming vocals since Spring of SSD. CRINGER do the melodic punk thing and do it well on "Play", the other cut being a three cord bore. -Evan (\$3/Hippycore, P.O. Box 195, Mesa AZ 85211)

LOVE AND NAPALM VOL. 1. - LP

A "four bands from Texas" sampler focusing on a special breed of festering post-BUTTHOLE SURFERS noise rock outfits. The bands: PAIN TEENS, CRUST, LITHIUM X-MAS and ED HALL. The PAIN TEENS have been at it for years with two LP's and 8 cassettes worth of experimental tape cut-up sluff in their bag; they give a glimpse of their move in the direction of guitar-solo'd rock on the track "I Will", which was rerecorded without tape loops for their new record "Born In Blood" (also on Trance). LITHIUM X-MAS were

A NO RECORD DEAL AND OTHER EXERCISES IN CRASS COMMERCIALISM



Caveat Emptor: this radical art hoax comes disguised in/as a record album, simultaneously exploiting and exposing the sales techniques of the cultural marketplace. The artist-intruder sneaks into that eco-artistic digestive system which swallows ideas and shits out product and cannibalizes it: the consumer is consumed. By focusing on techniques and networks of presentation, the booklets, flyers, and posters within the jacket continue the subversion and deny the comfort of received ideas. "Con-sum-er," perhaps the most subtly effective piece, contrasts the definition of the word "consumer" from the 1962 and 1979 editions of Webster's Dictionary, commenting both on the fluidity of values and the fraudulent neutrality of everyday reference systems. Throughout, the works function both as a socio-visual manifesto and a critical documentation, pushing conceptual and political taboos by traversing formalistic boundaries with a low-tech sensibility (the final page of the booklet carefully explains how the entire product was constructed, from half-tones to handstuffing the jackets). Featuring Doug Minkler, Martin Sprouse, Harry Sherrill and John Yates, A NO RECORD DEAL is available through Pressure Drop Press, P.O. Box 460754, San Francisco, CA 94146. -Mikki

BID welcomes submissions of visual work. Send material, show notices, documents, etc. care of Mikki at P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028

the big surprise for me with a HELIOS CREED/psychedelic distortion about them that is mighty. CRUST (*myrdiscordant*) turn in the song "Hard Stool" - the kind we've all had to sit on at one point or another and ED HALL keep in the brilliant tradition of their "Love Poke Here" LP with the ruling track of this single, "Grumbler". A very worthwhile disc with excellent printed plastic packaging to boot. -Tomas (Trance)

ROCK STAR AUTOPSY - 7"

Actually this is a split EP with side A being THEATER OF ICE doing "Creature", a really long psychedelic / metal / industrial anthem which sounds like MIGHTY SPHINCTER with JACK BREWER on vocals. Side B has two BULLET FOR PUSSY songs. Both sound like FLIPPER meets KILLDOZER and they get into a knife fight. -Evan (T. Storm / Orphanage, 1702 W. Camelback #315, Phoenix, AZ 85015)

WHAT STUFF - LP

The perfect rebuttal to the sanitized LA scene presented in THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION PART I. "Sexboy," a live GERMS cut, could do the job singlehandedly, and it's only the second song! Forget those Japanese bootlegs—produced from the vaults of the punk rock WHAT? label, this comp has three more from the GERMS, plus PANDORAS, SKULLS, CONTROLLERS, THE DILS, THE EYES, and KAOS. I only wish Chris Ashford had put as much history in the liner notes as he did on the vinyl. -Mikki (Iloki Records, P.O. Box 49593, Los Angeles, CA 90049)

Material sent to us for review which does not appear above may be covered the next time around because 1) it was received after or too close to our deadline, 2) we ran out of room, 3) it was on a major label, 4) it was too unique (or too irrelevant) for our format or reviewers, 5) you said or did something that we don't like, 6) it got lost in the mail and we don't even know that it wasn't reviewed, or 7) it was on CD and my CD player self-destructed (I'm gonna fix it, I swear, keep them coming)... That should cover it I suppose - if any other excuses are needed please send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and for god-sakes DO NOT take it personally!

HEY THERE YOU SOCIAL CLIMBING HOLLYWOOD COP-OUTS! IT'S TIME TO GET SKEWERED IN...

I.P. FREELY'S

AN DEMO COLUMN

SAD REALITY

THE 'SAD REALITY' ABOUT THIS TAPE IS THAT THEY IMMEDIATELY RACK UP THE BIG BOOBY PRIZE OF -25 POINTS IN THE "SIMILARITY TO MEGADETH" CATEGORY. YEAH, I KNOW THAT NON-BONUS SCORES ARE ONLY SUPPOSED TO GO UP TO TEN OR -10, BUT THIS IS A SPECIAL CATEGORY FOR THIS ISSUE; HOW UNFORTUNATE FOR 'SAD REALITY', AS THEY HAVE LITTLE ELSE GOING FOR THEM TO MAKE UP THE DEFICIT WITH. ORIGINALITY SCORE DUE TO THE SINGER - GOOD UNUSUAL AND MEATY VOICE.

PRESSURE HED AUDIO ENERGY/PRESSURE HED LIVE

THESE GUYS HAVE THEIR ACT TOGETHER. THEY HAVE A SELF-PRODUCED LABEL ('BRAIN SQUID, INC.'). WHY DON'T THE REST OF YOU WISE UP AND DO THAT? PRESSURE HED WORK WITH TAPE LOOPS AND VARIOUS TREATED INSTRUMENTS, AND THEY REALLY GET SOME COMPELLING SHIT HAPPENING. A LOT OF 'INDUSTRIAL' BANDS START OFF WITH A GOOD GROOVE AND THEN BEAT IT TO DEATH FOR 15 MINUTES. "AUDIO ENERGY" CONTAINS 5 SONGS THAT GRIP YOU STRAIGHT AWAY, AND THEN BUILD THEIR ENERGY AND DYNAMICS. WORDS ARE HARD TO MAKE OUT, AND SOUND QUALITY COULD STAND A LOT OF IMPROVEMENT. BUT THESE GUYS ARE DEFINITELY ON THE RIGHT TRACK. "LIVE" TAPE IS TAKEN FROM A KXLU IN-STUDIO BROADCAST PERFORMANCE. SUGGESTION: INVEST IN TAPE LABELS NEXT TIME, GUYS - IT'S BUSH LEAGUE JUST WRITING ON THE SHELLS.

FX DEFECTIVE

IT'S HARD TO SLAM THIS TRIO OF GIRLS AND THEIR BRAND OF GAZZARRI'S THRASH METAL, THEY BEING SO CORDIAL AND POSITIVE AND ALL IN THEIR COVER LETTER... BUT LET'S JUST SAY THAT IN MY OPINION THEY SHOULD GET RID OF THE STUDS AND HAIRSPRAY AND GET A HOLD OF P.M.S.'S "BLOODY MARY'S" TAPE; THEN CHANGE THEIR LIFE ACCORDINGLY AND TRY TO WRITE OFF THEIR MISGUIDED PAST AS JUST A BAD DREAM.

DEAD EDS

THESE LYRICS ARE OUTSTANDING. THE SINGER IS DECENT; I'D SAY HE'S LISTENED TO SOME LUX INTERIOR IN HIS DAY, BUT HE'S GOT QUITE HIS OWN STYLE. SONGS HAVE SOME GOOD ENERGY, IN THE MOSH PIT VEIN. SO WHY DO THEY LOSE TEN? BECAUSE HE SINGS HIS COOL, TWISTED WORDS OVER A BAND THAT FEATURES ONE OF THOSE WHAMMY BAR-HAPPY, TOTALLY INTERCHANGEABLE METALHEAD GUITAR PLAYERS. UH.

CHRONIC DISTURBANCE DEMO

THIS CANADIAN BAND HAS 2 REASONABLY PRICED DEMOS AVAILABLE. WHICH DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO THEIR RANKING HERE, AFTER PILING UP A WHOPPING NEGATIVE SCORE WITH THEIR BOLDLY DERIVATIVE KIND OF MOSH MUSIC. THEIR LONE POINT FOR ORIGINALITY STEMS FROM AN INTERESTING, MOODY, AND GLOOMY INTRO NUMBER.

ULTRAVIOLET EYE DEMO

THIS BAND HAS BEEN ON A FEW COMPILATION DISCS. BUT, AS THIS 'DEMO' PROVES, THEY ARE STILL RELUCTANT TO MAKE A TAPE THEY FEEL COMFORTABLE SELLING. MAYBE THEY THINK THAT THEIR MUSIC STINKS, AND PERHAPS SOMEDAY SOME GULLIBLE FOOL WILL COME ALONG AND FINANCE MUSIC THAT EVEN THE BAND THEMSELVES CAN'T GET BEHIND. I DOCKED THEM THE ASS-KISS POINTS BECAUSE THEIR PRESS KIT BRAGS ABOUT THE SINGER HAVING HAD AN OPERA SCHOLARSHIP. LEARN THIS LESSON: NEVER NEVER FLAUNT YOUR HIGHER EDUCATION IN ANY NOTES TO I.P. FREELY. IT'S LIKE ADMITTING YOU USED TO BE IN R.E.M.

MIKE HERSCHE WORTHY IS THE LAMB

THIS TAPE IS APPALLING. ON THE ONE HAND, THE PACKAGING AND SOUND QUALITY ARE NEAR PERFECT - NOT SO SLICK THAT YOU'D MISTAKE IT FOR GEORGE MICHAEL, BUT MILES AHEAD OF MOST OF THE HAND LABELLED MAXELL C-20'S I'M USED TO. AND THE LINER SAID THAT HE PLAYS EVERYTHING; GUITAR, BASS AND DRUMS. SO I GAVE HIM AN IQ OF 120 ON CREDIT. LISTENED TO THE DULL, GUITAR DRIVEN MILD THRASH INSTRUMENTALS ON THE TAPE; KNOCKED HIM DOWN TO 90. READ THE HILARIOUS PRESS RELEASE THAT CAME WITH IT; IT FEATURED THIS HOWLER: "HE CAN PLAY 16th NOTES... FASTER THAN ANY KNOWN (GUITAR) PLAYER... PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT TO BE BEYOND THE LIMITS OF HUMAN CAPABILITY." WITH THAT, I TOOK OFF ANOTHER 30 POINTS. GEE, MIKE, YOU SHOULD BE IN 'RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT'. OR MAYBE JOIN BARNUM & BAILEY. OR MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE A LIVING SHOOTING CRAPS WITH THOSE GUYS DOWN AT THE GUITAR INSTITUTE ON 38 • BEN IS DEAD

I.P. FREELY'S REVIEW-O-MATIC

PRICE
SOUND QUALITY
ORIGINALITY
ART/PACKAGING
EST. AVG. MEMBER I.Q. (x10)
LACK OF GUITARS

MINUS SCORES
ASS-KISSING
THEY SEEM TO WANT TO GET SIGNED
RESEMBLANCE TO MEGADETH

BONUS SCORES
ADDRESSED c/o I.P. FREELY (15 pts.)
ERASE TABS INTACT? (15pts.)
THEY DIDN'T CALL IT A DEMO (25pts.)

	SAD REALITY	PRESSURE HED	DEAD EDS	CHRON. DISTURBANCE	ULTRAVIOLET EYE	MIKE HERSCHE	P.M.S.	PARAMENTALS	FX DEFECTIVE	ONIONHOUSE	SCARLET DROPS
PRICE	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
SOUND QUALITY	4	5	3	6	6	9	4	6	4	0	7
ORIGINALITY	2	9	5	1	0	3	9	7	1	0	2
ART/PACKAGING	2	6	0	0	2	9	5	3	1	0	7
EST. AVG. MEMBER I.Q. (x10)	6.5	11	8	4	5	6	15	9	5	0	8
LACK OF GUITARS	0	7	0	0	0	0	8	5	0	0	0
MINUS SCORES											
ASS-KISSING	0	0	0	-5	-10	-1	0	-1	-3	-4	-2
THEY SEEM TO WANT TO GET SIGNED	-10	-1	0	-8	-10	-6	0	0	-10	-5	-3
RESEMBLANCE TO MEGADETH	-25	0	-20	-20	-5	-20	0	0	-20	0	0
BONUS SCORES											
ADDRESSED c/o I.P. FREELY (15 pts.)	0	0	0	0	15	0	15	15	0	0	0
ERASE TABS INTACT? (15pts.)	0	15	15	0	15	0	15	0	15	15	0
THEY DIDN'T CALL IT A DEMO (25pts.)	0	0	0	0	0	25	0	25	0	0	25
TOTALS	-20.5	47	11	-15	18	25	71	69	-7	7	44

McCADDEN ST. - IF YOU DON'T MIND GETTING PAID OFF IN FOOD STAMPS.

P.M.S. BLOODY MARY'S

THIS P.M.S. STANDS FOR 'PRE-MARITAL SEX'. BUT YOU CAN READ A DUAL MEANING INTO IT IF YOU LIKE BECAUSE, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THERE AREN'T A LOT OF GUYS AROUND WITH NAMES LIKE CARLA, INGE, RAMONA, KATIE, MEILANI, KAREN OR CLAUDIA. YAH, SEVEN GALS IN THIS OUTFIT, AND THEY'RE GREAT. THEY GET AN '8' FOR LACK OF GUITARS AS THEY BREAK FROM THE NORM AND INCORPORATE 2 BASSISTS, A KEYBOARD AND A SAX. NORMALLY I HATE SAXOPHONES, THANKS TO PEOPLE LIKE DAVID SANBORN, BUT SOMEHOW IT WORKS WITH THEM REAL WELL. 8 BIG HITS HERE, INCLUDING "MAN IN A SKIRT", "BIG SCROTUM", AND "DRIP DRY" (THAT'S ABOUT BEING A GIRL AND HAVING TO PISS IN THE WOODS). GREAT LYRICS. THIS COULD BE THE BEST ALL-GIRL BAND IN THE UNITED STATES. COMPARES FAVORABLY WITH EARLY FRIGHTWIG. 7 GIRLS WITH GUTS TO SPARE. TOO BAD THEY AREN'T SELLING THIS TAPE (NO PRICE LISTED = NO PRICE POINTS).

PARAMENTALS POTENTIAL THIS

DEFERES CATEGORIZATION. LOTS OF OLD SYNTHESIZERS RESCUED FROM THE CITY DUMP, A DITZY FUZZ GUITAR TUNNELING AWAY, DRUM BOX, VOCALS SORT OF LIKE THE 'RESIDENTS. A LOT LIKE THEM, IN FACT. BUT THE MUSIC IS MUCH DIFFERENT, MORE CONVENTIONAL. THEY LIKE TO HALT SINGING AT SOME POINT IN EVERY SONG TO TELL LITTLE STORIES OVER ODD MUSICAL BREAKS. PRETTY ARTY, BUT THEY'RE RESOURCEFUL. THIS WOULD MAKE GOOD SOUNDTRACK MUSIC.

ONIONHOUSE DEMO

NO TAPE LABEL. IF THERE'S ONE GOD DAMN THING THAT RANKLES MY ASS IT'S A REVIEW COPY OF A TAPE WITHOUT ANY IDENTIFYING MARKS. I HAVE THE TAPE RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF ME, AND... OOPS! HEY, I JUST DROPPED IT INTO MY MAIL BAG BY MISTAKE! GOSH, THERE SURE ARE A LOT OF TAPES IN THERE... AND THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE TOO. I'LL JUST FISH ONE OUT AND GIVE IT A LISTEN. HOPE IT'S THE RIGHT ONE!... HMMM...SOUNDS LIKE THE DIRE STRAITS, ONLY A LOT DULLER. THE VOCALIST SOUNDS LIKE...COULD THAT REALLY BE GRANT HART SINGING A DUET WITH STEVIE NICKS? MAYBE, MAYBE NOT. THE SOUND QUALITY IS SO BAD THAT I COULDN'T TELL. BOY, THIS ONIONHOUSE TAPE IS REALLY SHITTY. BUT THEN, IT MIGHT NOT BE THE ONIONHOUSE TAPE. I CAN'T TELL BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T PUT A LABEL ON IT. BUT WHO CARES ANYWAY-AFTER ALL, THEY SAY IT'S ONLY A 'DEMO'.

SCARLET DROPS MOOSE POWER A GO-GO

ANY ACT THAT PUTS OUT A TAPE (SHRINK WRAPPED-THAT'S IMPORTANT) WITH A COVER FEATURING CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER MULROONEY GETTING REAMED BY A BULL MOOSE CAN'T BE ALL BAD. GOOD SOUND, TOO, AND THERE'S TEN WHOLE SONGS. NOT MUCH ELSE GOING ON HERE, THOUGH. THIS TRIO PLAYS A POWER POPPY SORT OF MUSIC, AND THE ONLY REASON THEY GOT 2 ORIGINALITY POINTS WAS BECAUSE THEY ARE REDEEMED BY A HIGH SPIRITED GIRL BASS PLAYER WHO HARMONIZES ON ALL TRACKS, AND IT SOMEHOW MAKES THEM SOUND A LOT LESS LIKE CHEAP TRICK (EVEN THOUGH I THOUGHT ROBIN ZANDER WAS A GIRL UNTIL I SAW HIM WITHOUT HIS MAKE-UP AT THE BEVERLY CENTER RALPHS LAST APRIL).

ADDRESSES ARE LISTED ON MUSIC REVIEWS PAGE 35
WINTER ISSUE #11 • 1990-1991

ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO #13 32pgs S \$1.00

Tales of angst and anguish set against a backdrop of comix, clip art, and a wide variety of type styles. The writing wanders from shock fiction to sexism to hackysack as the great equalizer. Partly handwritten or typed with the scratched out errors left in, ZIPPO seems almost haphazardly thrown together but it works. It's homely but with deep thoughts.—*Kitty* (1550 Mann, Pinole, CA 94564)

ALTERED MIND #6 16pgs S \$1.00

Nice little article on gothic bands. Very in-depth interview with HALO. Plus interview with Jaimie Hernandez, co-creator of the comic LOVE & ROCKETS. And the usual poetry, reviews, stories and art, well done and printed with unusual green ink.—*Kitty* (P.O. Box 1083, Claremont, CA 91711)

ANIBUS #1 32pgs HL \$5.00

Lofisa writing and art. Hand lettered articles, poetry and some EDGAR ALLEN POE. Egyptian, socially conscious and evil imagery. The cemetery of the rich.—*Marcel* (P.O. Box 1253, Placentia, CA 92670)

BABY SUE Vol 2, #4 18pgs D \$1.50

Salire, poetry and lots of comix. Interviews with ACE BACKWARDS, MARY FLEENER and ROY TOMPKINS. Sarcastic, irreverent and lots of fun.—*Kitty* (P.O. Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031-1111)

BAD TOAD #4 18pgs S \$5.50

An interview with an underground club owner. An article on underground hip hop. Lots of tune and zine reviews. Typed-up lay out with hand scribbled notes everywhere. It's friendly somehow, like a letter from a friend.—*Kitty* (P.O. Box 2614, Station A, Champaign, IL 61825)

BARKING SPIDER #4 14pgs S \$5.00

Loads of short to-the-gut poetry, quite a few comix and an interview with DODAJK. Staples and xerox format. Rough around the edges but engrossing.—*Kitty* (9820 Lockerbie, El Paso, TX 79925)

CROOKED SMILE-CRACKED LIPS 14pgs D \$7.50

A booklet of prose, poetry and diary excerpts put out by the author, 17 year old Claire. Strong sensual pieces woven between complimentary artwork give this collection a moody drama that haunts. An exceptional piece of work.—*Kitty* (16339 Steubner Airline #205, Spring, TX 77379)

CRUMB COMICS #4 24pgs \$25

Roughly drawn comics with twisted themes ranging from political under tones to depressing social situations.—*Marcel* (P.O. Box 1837, Upland, CA 91785)

HALF TRUTH #2 16pgs S \$1.00

Interviews with VOLCANO SUNS and ANTONIO BANDERAS (Star of Almodovars film, TIE ME UP TIE ME DOWN). Comix, articles and light fiction.—*Marcel* (B.A. Productions, P.O. Box 931013, Los Angeles, CA 90093-1013)

INK DISEASE #16 95pgs + 40pg insert S \$2.50

Wow! There's a lot of stuff in this baby. Pages and pages of music and zine reviews. Neat 40 page insert on the "Drug War" with tons of pictures. SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS, FIREHOSE, ANUS THE MENACE and TRAGIC MULATTO. Outside the insert, the lay is kinda bland but there's plenty to read.—*Kitty* (4536 Marmion Way, Los Angeles, CA 90065)

JERSEY BEAT #41 \$1.50

A fascination with commerce, success, and the marketplace runs throughout this zine, which covers the New Jersey and NYC scene, from metal to punk to industrial. First off, there's this murky editorial about the 2 Live Crew. After sneering at some "self-appointed defenders of the Constitution," Jim Tesla proposes himself as a more appropriate hero, then offers his own startling suggestion to the problem. Leave the government out of it and let business take care of business: if the labels would just stop putting "crap" out, he wouldn't have to waste his time fighting for our rights. The question of how profit-making entities are going to ignore the market for racist, homophobic, misogynist material is neatly elided in a utopian vision where the labels just say "no." Tesla claims that if a record he considered to have true political content were attacked, he would defend it, but he fails to see that the system he proposes wouldn't allow such a record to be accessible. This serene view of the marketplace affects the entire zine. References are routinely made, in reviews and interviews, to a band's current label status and their potential to rise further is discussed. Jersey Beat waits when a good band goes unsigned, and encourages struggling bands by

writing of their AOR potential, thus affirming the structures already in place. The ultimate hypocrisy comes when Testa is offended at the NMS by a band he calls "major-label ready." The very same labels who are going to police themselves and still provide us with musical choices? And they call the British press fickle.—*Mikki* (418 Gregory Avenue, Weehawken, NJ 07087)

MACHETE #1 28pgs S \$6.65

The name is appropriate. This zine is dedicated to attacking all the issues. #1 looks at: draft resistance, flag burning, the homeless, violence against women, boredom, police brutality and animal rights. Whew! More loosely examined are: capitalism, religion, anarchy, communication, the system, slavery and work, and equality. All in 28 pages with art and comix and some Spanish poetry. But what do they have left for issue #2?—*Kitty* (2977 Glenn Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90023)

SOMETHING SMELLS #4 24pgs S \$2.00

This zine is 95% interviews, 8 of them in this issue. FUGAZI, HARD-ONS, STONE TELLING, 5 FOOT NOTHING, MALHAVOC and more. The left-over 2 pages are for record reviews and someone snuck some zine reviews on the back page.—*Kitty* (72 Cundles Rd. E, Barrie, Ont. L4M 277 Canada)

STRAIGHT OUT #6 36pgs 50¢

Some "youthful" articles, letters, zine/record reviews and the interviews with INTEGRITY, FACECORD... even one with the legendary JAWBREAKER in which the interviewers ask such diverse questions as "Ok, in general, do you guys think that guys in general are funnier than females?" And then—get this one—"I got a question for you guys. Your song lyrics and stuff, ya know? Seem to deal with like pretty, um, pretty, uh, intense kinda topics. I guess you could say like really like pretty, pretty important kind of topics. Like you guys got stuff about racism, or whatever, you know? But like you know, um, you seem to give more of an image and stuff and like talking to you guys just for a little while of like, kind of like a fun kind of band and stuff. Like, do you guys find yourself getting, uh... Like angry with people a lot? Er, uh, are you guys like generally angry type of people. Like, to other type of people?" And readers, can you believe this, the band actually answered! Now I must admit that I find this more admirable than embarrassing. If the interviewer really did say this you'd think he'd try to cover it up a bit through the transcription. But instead... what fearlessness! At the very least an honest effort.—*Darby* (16339 Steubner-Airline #205, Spring, Texas 77379)

STUBO THE CAT WITH NO PAWS #4 30pgs S \$4.00

A 30 page comic book of crudely drawn but very funny STUBO getting himself in all kinds of trouble trying to lick some paws. Also features STUBO's friends LARDO, CALICO and BRUNO and his bird pals (who sing for his band) TWEETO and CHIRPO. This humor deals with bad puns and a similar point of view of animals as THE FAR SIDE.—*Evan* (Nemes Press available thru Debi Dip, 6520 Selma #332, Los Angeles, CA 90028)

TECHNOLOGY WORKS #1 8pgs D \$1.00

This first issue contains a chart showing the interactive relationships thru out the hard core and industrial music scene and an interview with some of the members of MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO. And that's about it. Hopefully #2 will be a little fuller.—*Kitty* (P.O. Box 477, Placentia, CA 92670-0477)

WRONG CONCLUSIONS #4 40pgs S \$1.00

Stories, comix, record/show/zine reviews. Plus ALL, NOMEANSNO, 24-7 SPYZ, FREAKS OF NATURE and a very hefty interview with the DEAD MILKMEN. Nice subliminal art.—*Kitty* (151 First Ave, Box A, New York, NY 10003)

NOTE: The letter immediately following the number of pages denotes zine size. D is 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", HL is 7" x 8 1/2" and S is 11" x 8 1/2".

BOOKS**YOU DON'T HAVE TO FUCK PEOPLE OVER TO SURVIVE**

by Seth Tobocman

Bold, black and white imagery and type (ala RE/Search Magazine) is the style of Pressure Drop Press' packaging, and it meshes well with this book's cultural graphics, comic strips and illustrated stories (a collection of Seth's work from the past eight years). It's visually engaging and presents a collection of styles. Basically the subject matter deals with the struggle (war) between people and themselves and the system they're controlled by (a great deal concerning homelessness). Also included is a note discussing the problems of publishing a book with *luck* in the title.—*Darby* (\$7 ppd. Pressure Drop Press, PO Box 460754, San Francisco, CA 94146)

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I WRITE TO YOU FROM POLAND. I'm interested in punk music and I'd like to exchange records and tapes with anyone in U.S.A. Can you help me? My address: Piotr Fałera, UL. Kormoranow 11/10, 71-696 Szczecin, Poland.

L.A. DRIVER - Underground stories, poetry, art, reviews, from L.A. and beyond - we also need submissions! \$1.00 to L.A. Driver Magazine, 12226 Victory Blvd., Suite 325, No. Hollywood, Ca 91606. Or call 818/548-8165 or 213/662-3700.

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INTERNATIONAL TAPETRADERSLIST AVAILABLE (two parts). Each part has 10 pages of addresses of worldwide tapetraders and is \$1 postpaid anywhere. Everyone who sends a list and wants, gets in. Write to: Kris Verreth, Tervuurstweg 1H/3081 Perk/Belgium.

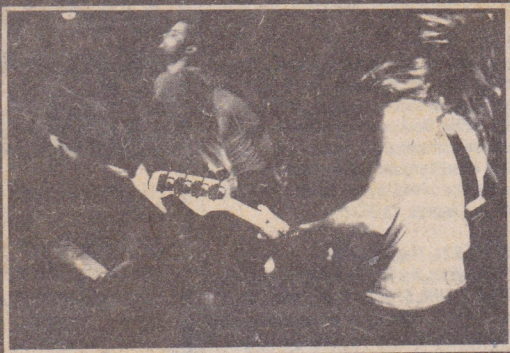
MASOCHIST MONTHLY - All we want is your first-born but, if you lack the generosity, a contribution will do. Send S.A.S.E. for more information. C/o Voodoo Dolly, 17842 Abeja Drive, Rowland Heights, CA 91748.

BEN IS DEAD SUBSCRIPTIONS are \$10 for six issues - worth every cent. If there really is a recession, let us help you take your mind off it. P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028. Also, you can still call the BEN IS DEAD INFOLINE to get LA show info though you must realize that sometimes we lag. But, it is free! (213)960-7674.

"That's the main problem with self-publishing: it's horribly addictive, worse than heroin, alcohol, or voting Republican. You'll know you've got the bug when you get up at 6AM to do some typing before work and end up calling in sick because you can't bear to stop. Or when your dishes are piled halfway to the ceiling because you needed the kitchen table to do some layout."—Mike Gunderloy

of Factsheet Five

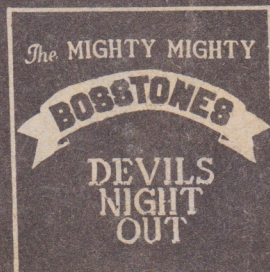
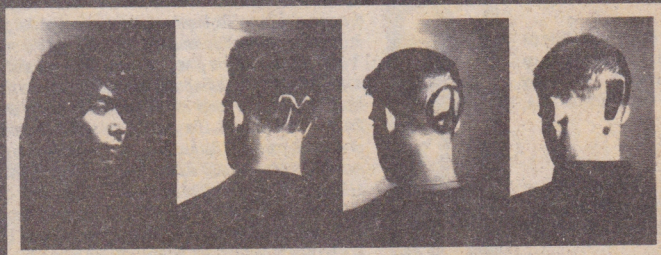
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